JOHN BULL, week ending August 19, 1944

JOHN BULL

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3D EVERY THURSDAY

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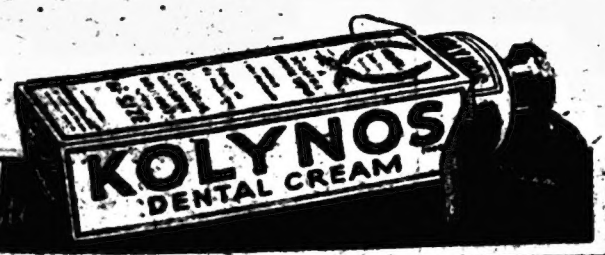

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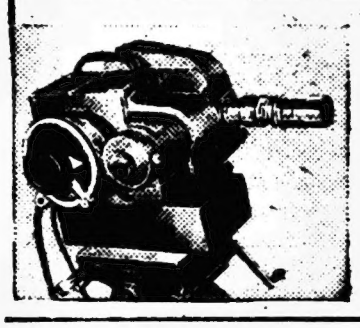

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P.20d

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N.6.B.

FOOD FACTS

Food that fights fatigue

IF *that's* what you feel like, the first thing to do is to check your diet! Do you follow the three rules for fitness—(*1*) *eat all your rations and allowances,* (*2*) *eat plenty of green vegetables and* (*3*) *fill up with bread and potatoes?* If you miss a meal, do you see that the snack you take in place of it contains the same food values—a sandwich containing meat, fish or dried eggs with a salad, for instance—*not* just "tea and a bun." Don't worry if it has to be a cold meal; cold foods are just as nourishing as hot foods.

BETTER BREAKFASTS MEAN MORE ENERGY

What sort of a meal do you start the day on! If it's just tea and toast, try making yourself a dried egg omelette or some scrambled eggs. It's worth while getting up ten minutes earlier to make and eat a better breakfast. It makes for extra energy later on in the day.

BEFORE YOU SLEEP

Unless you're accustomed to taking tea and coffee late in the evening, it's wiser to have a comforting drink of cocoa, or a bowl of vegetable soup. Either of these drinks will invite sleep and not chase it away.

FOR YOUNG WORKERS

National Milk-Cocoa is a grand fatigue-fighter. See that your son or daughter, if under eighteen, takes full advantage of it at the office or factory. Taken cold, it's as refreshing as it's nourishing.

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Always keep your cocoa in a tin

OVERHEARD IN A CAMP

". . . But how do you manage for wringing?"

"My dear, didn't *I* tell you. Our Q.M. store has an ★Acme and we're all allowed to use it. You've no idea how much energy it saves, and how crisp and clean my things come out."

"That's all very nice for *you*, but you know it's impossible to get Acme's for the duration."

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★ *The Acme Cleanser Wringer (with rubber rollers) takes the thickest blankets as cheerfully as it takes your sheerest silks—and the patented Acme Cantilever Pressure system gives you extra cleansing power.*

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COMING SENSATIONS

Straight from the Shoulder

NEXT week may provide the answer to the year's most important question—How long the war will last.

More than meets the eye, the events of this week are dramatic. Those about to take place will be decisive.

Open Road

Not all the facts can be told. But here are some which will enable the reader to draw his own conclusion:

In France, Montgomery is opposed not merely by a German army, but by *the* surviving cream of the German army. He is intent not only on defeating it, but on destroying it.

So that, when the immediate operations are concluded, the western road to Berlin will be open.

Bitter Fight

Those operations will be bitter.

The enemy has repaired some of the bombed bridges across the Seine, and has thus been able to bring up the last sweepings of his armour.

It will be a fight to the death. Man against man, tank against tank. But not 'plane against 'plane!

Our Prospects

Many captured Germans are complaining angrily at their lack of air support. Our prisoners, too, are not of the best fighting age.

They are either fanatical, Nazi-bred youths or men past their physical prime. The German soldiers between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-eight appear to have been wiped out.

Moreover, we have superiority in quantity—in men, armour and arms.

Grounded

One fact more:

There is increasing evidence of the German shortage of oil. That is the sole explanation for the enemy's reluctance to use the 300 or 400 heavy bombers still left to him, and for his use of horse-drawn transport.

The oil has to be reserved for the panzers!

Brought to Battle

To sum up, the panzers have been brought to battle. They have been compressed and mauled in a small triangle. The enemy's failure to hold Le Mans last week was an irretrievable error which allowed us to turn the corner of that triangle.

By eliminating the forces within it we should be able to advance at a speed which will make Hitler's blitzkrieg appear snail-like.

Rout?

That is where the prediction of Air Chief Marshal Leigh-Mallory should be justified: "We have in the Allied Air Forces an instrument which will turn the retreat into a complete rout."

Already those enormous forces under his command have crippled the enemy's freedom of action.

Down and Out

To destroy Von Kluge's communications, in one phase, Allied aircraft flew 22,000 sorties. Last month alone we destroyed more than 400 tanks and armoured vehicles.

Indeed, our aerial strength is now too great, too terrible, too monstrous, to be met by serious opposition. "I do not think the *Luftwafte* will rise again," says Leigh-Mallory.

One-Man Submarines

But our armies must be supplied by sea. We must ask, therefore, whether the enemy can use his Third Arm to hit us below the belt.

Well, he still has some hundreds of U-boats. But it is unfortunate for him that so many are imprisoned in the French northern ports!

Here, again, the full facts would offend the censor. But it is well known that at least 500 U-boats have been destroyed during the war, and in time we shall no doubt hear of sensational successes against the one-man submarine.

Closing In

The Russians, too, are closing in for the kill.

True, some people may have been disappointed by the recent comparative lull on the Eastern Front. Let them take heart. The lull was to prepare for fresh offensives. Some of these have already started. More are to come.

And they will be offensives that will take Rokossovsky, Koniev, Cherniakhovsky, and the other now-familiar conquerors into the heart of the Reich.

Hitler's Appeal

"If you retreat, you only open the doors to your own home," is Hitler's frantic appeal to his armies in Poland.

But they are tired armies, ill-equipped and footsore, fantastically outnumbered. The defences being dug in Eastern Germany by women, boys and old men are not likely to bog down the mighty Russian steam-roller.

Beyond the Rhine

Perhaps the Fuehrer will soon order similar action in Western Germany. There, too, prolonged *organised* resistance would be stronger on paper than in practice. The Rhine should be the last obstacle to the British and American troops.

So, from east and west, a hurricane of defeat is sweeping upon the Reich.

Down South

Nor is the South a haven of sleepy peace. Alexander's final triumph in Italy can now be taken for granted; no doubt he will find fresh fields to conquer before the war's end sets the seal upon his reputation as the most successful of Allied commanders.

Probably the Balkans will save themselves from invasion. Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary are unlikely to cling to Hitler's chariot as it topples into the abyss.

Green Hells

There is even reason to suppose, as Mr. Churchill has hinted, that the extinction of Japan may not take years to accomplish.

At the moment there is no big news to report from the war's most remote sectors. Which means that men are still fighting and dying in the green hells of tropical jungles, that coral reefs and naval ports alike are still being invaded and swept clean of the Japanese, and that ferocious battles are being waged for possession of southern China.

That is all.

Air Chief Marshal Leigh-Mallory believes retreat will be turned to rout

Great Expectations

Such are the facts to justify the confidence felt by the general public and the great expectations privately expressed by the famous. They should encourage a fresh and final spurt in arms production—and be some consolation for those of our people who are exposed to the deviltry of new German weapons.

There is even a new wave of confidence in the prospects of a Better World.

Room for All

Mr. Wendell Willkie, who is not only a politician but a shrewd Wall Street magnate, has sent some cheering words across the Atlantic that echo JOHN BULL'S views.

"If Britain and the U.S.," he affirms, "have the good sense to open the world to trade and don't seek protection behind trade barriers, there will be ample and expanding trade for both."

And therefore greater prosperity for all the world!

Smooth Waters

Some steps towards this end are being taken. True, they are preliminary steps, tentative and perhaps hesitating. But they can be lengthened into bold strides.

Thus, the interim agreement on oil between Britain and the U.S. assures fair supplies for all peaceable countries and aims at distribution free from unnecessary restrictions. It could and should be the basis of a world agreement that would allay many causes of international friction.

Room for Expansion

Again, when the international sugar agreement comes up for renewal at the end of the month it should be considered in the light of the Hot Springs decisions on nutrition.

There is room for expansion in the use of sugar in many countries. And the more sugar that is made available to the countries that need it, the greater will be the purchasing capacity of the sugar-producing areas.

Fair Deal

In our country the coal industry is capable of vast new extensions. Mr. Robert Foot, new chairman of the Mining Association, knew nothing of the mines and miners until recently. But he is learning fast.

He regards two factors as absolutely essential: "We have got to make high wages pay. We have to get prices down, but not at the expense of miners' wages."

If he can translate those two aims into action, the miners should forget the long years of neglect and strife.

Those Doctors

But a minority of the medical profession is still trying desperately to stop the clock's hands from advancing. Opposed to the suggested National Health Service, they are apparently determined to scotch it at all costs.

They will fail. They will learn that no one section of the community has the right to deny reforms to the majority. And that lesson should prove valuable to other vested interests.

(Continued overleaf)

"IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE THAT ATTEMPTS WILL BE MADE WITH LONG-RANGE ROCKETS"—
The PRIME MINISTER in the House of Commons

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STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER —*Continued from preceding page*

BARROWMEN selling pineapples at five guineas apiece; neighbours competing about the size of their vegetable marrows; an unholy squabble over bits of beaches reserved for the military; crowd scenes at the big stations. . . .

It's all been like peace time in the last few days. And the bad news from inside the Reich, and the good news from the Allied fronts east, west and south has justified optimism.

Give it Up

It's no good the politicians trying to stop this optimism with their platitudes. Let's put it in print that nine out of ten people believe the Western war will be over in October.

And, having done so, let's make it equally clear that we haven't won yet, even if victory is certain. A groggy opponent has beaten the gong and escaped technical defeat before now.

Heads Out of Sand

That sort of escape is all the Germans can hope for. This country's workers can cheat the enemy of all face-saving if they keep up the fight to the bitter end.

The workers will do it—if only the authorities will take their heads out of the sand, agree that we've won, and start right away to wipe out some of our petty inconveniences.

Early Start

Profiteering, for instance; pretty well everyone agrees that price control must go on into peace time. Why not make it work a little better?

A Manchester man who took his wife and family for a post-Bank Holiday trip to New Brighton will say yes to that. . . .

Way to Charge

Fish and chips at dinnertime cost 3s. 6d. apiece. (There was a veal sandwich and a cup of tea for 4s. if you preferred it.) At teatime there was a 5s. deposit on a pot; a 1s. for the teaspoon and a 1d. extra for rinsing out a couple of teacups.

Altogether, a pretty good day—for the New Brighton shopkeepers.

7½d. a Cup

Back on the job Hull building volunteers who were working on blitz repairs in a London suburb were charged the equivalent of sevenpence-halfpenny a cup for tea at the only café open during the holiday week within reach of their work.

Turned Out

In the country—a mile or two from Stafford—two W.A.A.F.s were turned out of a village pub where they went to try to get a meal. Civilians and airmen could eat there—but not the girls. Corporal Rundle and Aircraftwoman Mather were disgusted.

So are we.

Show Must Go On

Mean treatment of "other ranks" has been staggeringly blatant considering all the claptrap talked about democracy. Members of a unit recently returned from the Middle East were invited to a Red Cross concert in Shropshire. They paid to go in, saw the show, and at the end were ordered to keep their seats (in the back rows) until all the officers had made a regal exit.

Now, Mr. Dean

Talking about local democratic rules we should be interested to know why Mr. T. C. Dean, of Bell Street, Henley-on-Thames, announces that no charter for the hire of boats on the Thames will be accepted "for Jews or foreign nationals under any circumstances."

Sharks are at it

"Exceptional opportunity for ex-Servicemen." Be careful with the advertisements which begin like that. The city sharks are getting to work again on demobilised men who are keen to get a foothold in civilian life.

We're on the lookout; and so is the British Legion. The Legion's solicitors are anxious to give advice about business propositions. Ask for it. Take it.

Good Lead

The British Legion is going to have a lot on its plate after the war. The Nottinghamshire Council of the Legion is wide awake to the job it will have to take on and is leading the country by making its secretaryship a full-time, paid affair. The £350 salary is not too big—for the work that's got to be done when the boys come back.

Royds is Right

Coming back to Stafford again we hear there's been a good deal of criticism because a rural dean, Prebendary T. F. Royds, refuses to sell three and a quarter acres at the back of his rectory. The local council wants it to build twelve cottages for farm workers.

He says, very sensibly, that the proposed site is on an old Roman lane, that there's no need to spoil it when other land is available. Keen as JOHN BULL is on more and better houses, we can't see why a panicky rush to get something done should sweep away amenities that can never be replaced.

Flying Fish?

Once more there is a glut of herring. But perhaps there'd be a greater demand for the fish if they were made more attractive. So why not fillet them and wrap them in cellophane—so that they could be delivered cleaned, boned and 100 per cent. fresh?

They could be sent by air if necessary; 15,000 fillets to a two-ton load. And they'd be on the customer's table the same day as they were caught.

Anyhow, it's an idea for after the war

More or Less

At the moment, the Ministry of Food's only suggestion is that fishermen should "restrict" their catches. Which suggests that the Ministry has mistaken its functions.

The purpose of a Food Ministry should be to make as much food available to the public as possible—not as little as it can lazily handle.

Oversight

A girl of nineteen went through seven weeks' factory training at Wallsend. Then she went to a works in the Midlands where it was so difficult to find her anything to do that she was transferred to another place. *And classed as an inspector.*

Her job has been to sit at a long bench and pass small parts along to a box at one end. She knew nothing about these parts, didn't even know what they were used for. Her wage as inspector has been nearly £4 a week.

Ask For It!

Now for a helpful word on evacuation. As is well known, soldiers' wives who live in London receive an extra allowance of 3s. 6d. a week. What is not so well known is that they are still eligible for this sum if they leave London to take refuge from the flying bomb.

But they must not sub-let their London home—and they must make application for the London allowance.

On the Alert

A flying bomb evacuee reached a tiny village in central Wales, wandered round in the peace and quiet. "Don't you *ever* have the sirens?" she asked the farmer leaning over his gate.

"'Course we do, indeed," he told her. "Arrived last night, did you? Pity, it'll be three weeks next Sunday before the next practice."

First in the Field

THE MAN WHO TRIED WINGS

NOTHING now remains but a tumbled, grass-grown mound on the rocky cliffs of the Greek island of Euboea, in the Cyclades, to mark the site of an historic temple of basaltic stone, built in commemoration of man's first conquest of the air—one thousand five hundred years before the coming of Christ!

This first flying machine was produced, as so many of the hurtling warplanes of to-day have been produced, under the pressure of "needs must when the Devil drives."

The devil in this case was King Minos of Crete, and it was to escape his tyranny that Daedalus, the world's first known inventor and most famous scientist, architect and sculptor of prehistoric times, built two flying machines with mighty pairs of wings in imitation of gigantic birds—one machine for himself and the other for his son Icarus.

So it befel that one day, after months of secret preparation, the world's first aviators strapped themselves to their winged machines and launched themselves into space from the highest cliff of Crete beneath a burning blue Mediterranean sky.

Icarus, failing to manipulate his mechanism correctly, fell into the sea and was drowned.

But his father glided safely, using the air currents as a bird uses them, across 180 miles of water, landing on the island of Euboea—the first man to have flown! P. S.

He would get better more quickly if he could see his relatives frequently

Why NOT Zone the Wounded?

● **Many of our wounded are coming back from the fighting fronts to a raw deal at home. They're getting the finest possible medical attention; treated with the least possible delay.**

BUT OFFICIAL OBSTINACY IS HAMPERING THE DOCTORS' EFFORTS TO GET THEM WELL.

Take the case of a young soldier, a Sheffield man, who was wounded in the spine at Anzio last May. They sent him to hospital at Glasgow.

For three years he had not seen his parents. They applied for warrants to travel north but all they got was a twelve-and-sixpence reduction on the train fare. Both the mother and father are Old Age Pensioners, yet they had to find nearly £4 for the journey.

They found their son still cheerful though he's likely to be a cripple for life. What he wanted more than anything was to see his family again. So his two brothers also made the two-hundred-and-seventy-mile journey.

With loss of work, lodging and food they had to pay out £12—to brighten the life of a crippled brother for an hour or so.

Is there no hospital bed available nearer Sheffield? Listen to what the Glasgow medical officer says:

"This young soldier is more concerned about the cost of his relatives' travel than he is about his own condition. We've got a lot of men here whose homes are in England. They're lonely.

"Without visitors they lie brooding. Yet they know what it is to be short of money and they know their people just cannot afford the long train journeys. How can we try to get them well in these conditions?"

The authorities can offer only cold comfort. Help with the train fares can only be given when wounded men are "in a critical condition."

A critical condition? Isn't a young fellow lying helpless and pining for friendship and the sight of his own folk in a critical condition?

The Government knows a lot about zoning when food and drink is concerned. Why not zoning of military patients? Why must wounded men be dumped just about as far from their homes as this tiny island allows? On page seven there's a heartening story of the fine medical treatment our troops get on the battlefield.

ALL THAT EFFORT CAN BE WASTED BY BLUNDERING FOOLS AT HOME WHO SHIFT WOUNDED MEN ABOUT AS IF THEY WERE ALREADY DEAD TO THE WORLD.

NO NONSENSE WITH NAZIS

● Allied Governments are said to be ready to dictate armistice terms to Germany following her "unconditional surrender."

The peoples of the United Nations will have no say in these strictly military decisions.

But they deserve and should insist upon a decisive say about the terms of peace.

Many months, possibly two or three years, will elapse between the firing of the last shot and the signing of the final treaty.

Yet it is none too soon for the public to decide how the foundations for a lasting peace can best be laid.

There must be no nonsense with the Nazis. We cannot afford to indulge either in false pity or indiscriminate severity.

- At all costs we must make the world safe for decent and reasonable people to live in.

JOHN BULL is certain that throughout the United Nations there will be overwhelming support for three preliminary steps to this end :

(1) The total disarmament of Germany with complete control of her war potential.

(2) Allied occupation of the entire country for as long as may be necessary.

(3) The trial of all war criminals within six months of armistice, execution of those found guilty of murder, appropriate punishment of lesser scoundrels, *and* confiscation and restitution of loot.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

But "the Big Three"—Britain, Russia, and the United States—now meeting near Washington for the first "Security Talks" of this world war, need to look far beyond preliminaries.

They need to consider not so much the caging as the taming of the Nazi beast.

Let us rid our minds of sentiment. The truth, borne out by a cloud of witnesses, is that Hitlerism has corrupted a high percentage of German youth.

On the fighting fronts in Normandy and Britanny the worst enemy, "fanaticism"—Hitler's favourite word—is displayed by German lads in their teens.

They are sullen-mouthed and stony-eyed. They are apt to come in with their hands up and then snatch a gun from inside their tunics.

When they are interrogated they are deaf to reason. They still think that they are members of the *Herrenvolk*; they still believe that we and our Allies are of inferior race. And they still believe in Hitler and his final victory.

Allied fighting men, both on Germany's Western and Eastern fronts, know this type only too well.

We are not prepared to say that there can be any "cure" for this sort of Hitler-made juvenile delinquency.

Nevertheless, the future peace of Europe depends upon the re-education of Germany.

What Hitler and his villainous gang have done for one generation of Germans we could do—in reverse—for the next.

JOHN BULL shares the view of Lord Perth's Liberal Committee that the most important post in Germany after the armistice may be that of High Commissioner for Education.

The peoples of the United Nations have a long and terrible score to settle. In Occupied Europe they have suffered unspeakable humiliation and indescribable barbarities.

And we, in these relatively peaceful islands, are incensed at the wanton massacre of our own women and children by the blind flying bombs which the enemy is launching against us.

For all that, thinking men and women must realise that we cannot secure lasting peace by branding every German citizen an outlaw and trying to hold 80,000,000 people in military subjection for ever.

Nor, as Mr. Bevin has so wisely said, can we ignore their existence. They are there, and we have to face the fact.

"We shall not build up international confidence by approaching other nations in a spirit of unctuous self-righteousness," he warns us, though he recognises that some process of re-education may be necessary. And he hints that existing international organisations, such as the I.L.O., may play a valuable part.

Moreover, under the vague but generally accepted terms of the Atlantic Charter, the United Nations are already pledged to share the earth's economic resources fairly among victor and vanquished alike.

Even Germany must not be treated worse than other nations in regard to supplies of food and clothing, finance, and social insurance.

For—apart from all considerations of justice—we should make another war inevitable if we allowed our beaten enemies to starve, or if we tried, as they would have done in the hour of victory, to reduce our enemies to servitude.

That leaves us with only one way to free Germany of military occupation and to free ourselves of the burden of carrying it out in perpetuity :

We must blot out "Hitlerism" and then attempt the cure of the tainted German mind.

Hitler's "Youth Movement" has bred several age-groups of savage little gangsters. Our task should be to harness the formative spirit of German boys and girls to a new enthusiasm—an enthusiasm for international law and order and the works of peace.

Our leaders' chief problem will be to help the curable majority of the German people to cure themselves; to free the German Press and radio as far as may be, but also to use it during the term of our occupation for the propagation of democratic and co-operative ideas.

Ultimately, our children or our grandchildren will have to live peaceably with the Germans or else fight them again. This is an absolute alternative.

The public, here and in Allied countries, has to make the choice. Impartial justice may bring them peace; blind revenge can bring them nothing but another and more catastrophic war.

Will Germany be "Scorched"?

Goerdeler feared Allied air-raids

IT is time, now, to visualise the final battle of Germany.

Some experts expect that the fight will be stiffer, Nazi resistance more obstinate, German morale better the nearer our troops approach the heart of Germany.

They draw pictures of "scorched earth" in the Reich, of S.S. Black Guards fighting to the last man, holding out in German mountains and forests. Some say that Hitler has plans to defend his mountain fortress of Berchtesgaden with a band of last-ditch fighters.

I disagree.

True, Nazi resistance really hardened for a few days when Russian shells pounded Eydtkuhnen, the Prussian village which will go down in history as the place where the armies of liberation first entered Germany.

★ ★ ★

That was due to the fact that Germany, like any other country, will naturally strive to keep her own frontier intact. But from frontier defence to scorched earth is a long psychological way which, in my opinion, Germans will not take.

Unlike the Russians, Germans are not the people to scorch the earth, to burn their homes, to destroy their factories.

So it was the hope of national self-preservation which inspired the German generals' revolt. They acted when Hitler ordered another "Stalingrad" in the Baltic, and nearly half a million German soldiers were required to fight "to the last man" in a hopeless battle.

Those generals, knowing that this war is lost, want to preserve German manpower for the future.

Among their close friends and relatives are the big landowners, the powerful industrialists, the rich people who would be the first to be called upon to "scorch the German earth."

They will not do it. Just as the generals are concerned to preserve manpower, so are the others anxious to maintain industrial capacity whether the war is won or lost.

★ ★ ★

Goerdeler, the politician named as an accomplice of the generals, is not the only prominent German to fear that Allied air raids would eventually destroy the last ounce of their country's industrial potential.

They do not want this destruction increased by bomb and shell fire as the Allied armies advance, and completed by Hitler's crazy frenzy.

And they will not give up hope that a quick end of the war may save something from the ruins of Germany.

While every Russian was convinced that his government would replace his house, his farm, his factory, his equipment, the Germans know they have nothing to expect if they destroy their own belongings

Again—they will not do it! Half a million S.S. men and their families with blood on their hands and loot in their homes may think otherwise. They will go down in a sea of flame.

But there are sixty millions more of disillusioned, tired and war-weary Germans who know they have lost the war.

I predict they will give up the struggle as soon as their armies are reeling back over their frontiers

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Rough Justice in Freed France

Many British people have been dismayed by the photographs owing how French patriots are aling with the men and women o collaborated with the hated emy.

For rough justice is not always true tice.

But we must face the facts. And one t is that the people in the oppressed ntries feel more hatred against their n quislings than against the Germans, cepting only the Gestapo and S.S.

★ ★ ★

The next fact is that nearly every day the past two years we have read rts about the killing by Patriots in nce, Belgium (particularly Belgium!), Holland and Norway of local quisling leaders.

Never did we feel any repulsion about such news—on the contrary!

It is, therefore, perhaps illogical that the pictures showing the shearing of women in Caen or the beating up of men in Rennes caused such a widespread shock here.

What is more disturbing, surely, is that probably only the small fry are being caught and thrashed. The main culprits, because of their closer relations with the German authorities, learned in time of the progress of the Allied offensive and managed to flee.

A German proverb says: "The small thieves are being hanged, while the big ones get away with it." Justice is often said to be blind—but how much blinder is popular justice!

Georges Bonnet, one of the chief French Fifth Columnists of 1940, is reported to have crossed the Swiss frontier recently with German permission.

★ ★ ★

I am afraid that, before it is all over, we shall hear the same of Laval, Deat, de Brinon, and all the hundreds of "stars" of French finance, the Press and theatre who had a good time with the Nazis in the years of their country's deepest humiliation.

That these greater scoundrels may go scot-free, while the girl in Normandy who fell in love with a German soldier has her hair shorn, is enough to make angels weep. . . .

V. S.

OPEN LETTERS

General JOSEPH PIERRE KOENIG,
Commanding French Forces of the Interior

DEAR GENERAL,—To you has fallen an honour which I know you esteem more than all the decorations, ribbons and rosettes in the world—the honour of directing France's formidable and secret army against the Boche.

It is a happy augury that you, born in Normandy, began your task from Normandy itself. And it is a still happier augury that you, a son of the people, are playing a big part in ridding the people of France of the chains of Nazi tyranny.

No one is better fitted to lead the fighting sons of France, those steadfast men who have endured in silent hatred the presence of the enemy in their towns and cities.

To-day you are one of the key men of victory in Western Europe.

As link between the Supreme Allied Command and the French Forces of the Interior, you direct those sudden blows and attacks which are playing a devil's tattoo on the strained nerves of the enemy garrisons.

You have able lieutenants. Some of them men who, though they have won fame in brilliant actions, dare not reveal their names for fear of enemy vengeance against their families.

Some of them, too, are veterans who refused to live under the enemy tyranny and made their way to Britain at great peril—eventually to return and fight afresh

Thousands of young Frenchmen are flocking to your army. They are magnificent material. In them are a hatred and a lust for vengeance which will exact full toll for the lean and dark years since the fall of France.

They could wish no more inspiring leader. Nor could I, if I were a Frenchman, and the light of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity were once again shining on the horizon. Good hunting !—JOHN BULL.

Mr. SYDNEY CAMM,
Famous Aircraft Designer

DEAR MR. CAMM,—"The old order changeth." And the Hurricane, that magnificent fighter plane which struck fear into the enemy on every battle front, goes out of production. Yet it yields place to superior children of your brain—sky furies like the Tempest, buzz bomb killer, and the Typhoon, world's deadliest tank buster.

You would be the last one to claim all the honour of creating these war-planes. Your team has been with you for years, working out designs, experimenting, testing and, no doubt, meeting setbacks which are the lot of all pioneers.

Yet, splendid though the later planes are, your name will be most closely linked with the Hurricane, that fighter which clawed down the Huns from the heavens in the Battle of Britain, went roaring over the seas from the decks of merchant ships, smashed Rommel's columns in the African desert and was, in fact, the plane-of-all-work.

More and better planes will come from your fertile and inventive mind. And I hope that those you are now busily designing will be destined to play the rôle of peace preservers—and never be tested in battle.

Those will be the greatest planes of all!—JOHN BULL.

The Rev. HUGH C. WARNER,
Vicar of Epsom

DEAR VICAR,—By forming a "grass-widowers'" club for the husbands of evacuated wives, you prove yourself a man after my own heart.

The appalling loneliness of a home from which wife and children have gone is a burden few men can bear without anguish; and your club should help to ease the burden.

I admire, too, your understanding in arranging for the lonely husbands to have supper one evening a week at a local hotel. A pint of beer and some good company make an admirable prescription in combating the evacuation "blues."

But don't overdo it. Don't make the club too much of a success or the husbands won't want their wives back home. And wouldn't you be unpopular then?

Seriously, yours is a grand idea. And I hope that other clergymen in flying bomb target areas have humanity and sense enough to follow your lead.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. N. BLAIR,
Principal, Wakefield School of Technology

DEAR SIR,—I don't know what branch of technology preparation for marriage comes under, although there's little doubt that marriage in itself is a highly technical and intricate affair. But I believe that the brides' "college" you devised is doing splendid work.

Tin-opener wives, I agree, are no good to anyone, and the Service girls who attend the "college" get practical and useful advice on all sorts of topics.

Lectures range in subject from cookery to household accounts, from how to furnish a home to bacteriology.

Your students will be admirably equipped to tackle the mysteries of hire-purchase and mortgage.

But I strongly suspect that behind the admirable manner in which your scheme is run is an admirable wife, named Mrs. Blair, who comes very near to being the perfect wife.

Experientia docet. And it certainly applies to marriage. Anyhow, here's happiness to the brides in pursuit of it!—JOHN BULL.

Private NICOLAIE PUKATCH,
Somewhere in Normandy

DEAR SOLDIER,—I fancy yours must be the biggest bag of prisoners ever taken by one man; and almost certainly the queerest gang of fighting men in France.

Eight hundred Russians, a complete combat unit, well armed and well supplied, prepared to defend themselves against German attack, surrendered to you.

They were Russians who had been forced into military service by the Germans, and who had planned for many months to give themselves up to the Americans.

What does it feel like to take charge of 800 prisoners. Sgt. York got a few in the last war, but he never brought in a batch as big as yours.

What a welcome the Bronx will give you when you return to New York City. Carry on the good work.—JOHN BULL.

Honour—and Public Duty

ARGUE IT OUT — **By PALLAS**

YOU can picture a lonely girl of about nineteen walking along a lane in the fading light of a summer evening. She is on her way to carry out Fire Guard duties. A soldier attacks her brutally, criminally. The monster knocks out some of her teeth and rapes her. She is found later and taken to hospital for medical care and attention.

This tragic, degrading episode is one of the war's unpleasant by-products. Such crimes exist in times of peace, but they are more frequent when war comes.

But the reason for drawing the picture above is to discuss the sequel—or lack of sequel.

The girl's family did not inform the police. Nor did the doctor who attended the girl. The latter, perhaps, may be forgiven under the code of medical etiquette and its attendant secrecy.

★ ★ ★

The parents, in my opinion, cannot be excused. No doubt they hated the thought of sordid publicity in the event of the assailant being traced and prosecuted. They had, too, to bear in mind the sensitive nature of their daughter and the fact that her fiancé is serving in the Forces.

Perhaps, knowing the lack of charity in so many people, they felt that whispering tongues would hold their girl not entirely guiltless. And they most certainly were convinced that her name would be bandied freely in the locality as "the girl who was attacked by a soldier."

All these arguments—and pretty strong ones, too—I will grant the parents.

★ ★ ★

Yet I still maintain that they owe a duty greater than that to their daughter—a public duty. Somewhere a dangerous, boastful brute is at large, a menace to other girls.

Instead of being hounded down and put away for 20 years in a place where his criminal tastes could not be indulged, he is left free to do other people's daughters almost irreparable harm and cast a life-long, hideous shadow over them.

There can be no questioning this, approaching the matter purely from one of social conscience and social obligation.

What would be the reactions of this girl's parents if, after their daughter had been assaulted, the assailant had already committed a similar crime and his offence had not been reported.

I fancy that their fury against those who have kept the crime secret and had not set the law in motion would be almost as great as their hatred of the man who had besmirched their daughter.

Don't you?

Dr. EDITH SUMMERSKILL,
Labour M.P., Fulham West

DEAR DR. SUMMERSKILL.—Nice to have you back after a world tour. Still better to know that you're starting a new crusade to improve the lot of Britain's mothers and children.

Apparently you were so impressed by the way Australian mothers and children are cared for that you are determined to mount every platform you can to let Britain know what we lack.

That's a big and a long job. Because we lack so much, many families lack decent homes.

Not solely on account of the war, either. Scores of thousands of people still live in homes without water, without bathrooms, without sanitation and without gas or electricity.

Many of our children still are without a proper chance in life. The new Education Bill will do much to sweep away the barriers that have hindered them in the past. And industry is awakening to the fact that scholarships must be available for those clever lads with a scientific bent.

We lack homes where tired mothers can rest and recuperate after childbirth. We need an extension of our pre-natal welfare scheme; and we should provide assistance, both domestic and financial, for poor women whose lives are burdened by child-bearing.

We lack the courage and the breadth of vision to make motherhood a direct charge on the State. We lack the resolve to see that a dustman's wife is given the same expert care and attention as the duke's wife.

We lack homes where machines ease the housewife's burden. We lack refrigerators, electric washers, carpet sweepers. But why go on?

Some day we'll build Utopia when women will get that rest and quiet so often denied them now.

Yet with all these "lacks," our women and children are better off than millions of others the world over. And for that we must be grateful.—JOHN BULL.

JOHN CASHEL describes how an emergency clearing station was landed from the air and assembled on D-Day; how a colonel acted as stretcher-bearer and how within 36 hours a patient was back in England . . .

Airborne Hospital

THIS is the stirring, almost fantastic story of an Airborne Hospital.

It began for Paratroop Eric Ellis, of a Midland counties battalion of the 6th Airbornes, on D-Day afternoon when, supported on the shoulders of two Frenchmen, he hobbled with a broken ankle into a chateau's grounds in the Normandy village of Ranville.

A tall, moustached R.A.M.C. lieutenant-colonel, wearing his maroon beret, though under fire, in preference to a tin-hat, with sleeves rolled up and whose name the paratroop never knew, met him.

"Get on my back," said the colonel.

Colonel then pick-a-backed private into the emergency hospital.

This unceremonious incident was one of many that left Private Eric Ellis and others that day thrilled to admiration at the treatment they received at this extraordinary casualty clearing station set up in a few hours with Germans on all sides

A Nice Cup of Tea

Eric watched the scene from an entrance room where the colonel propped him up in a corner, tucked a blanket around him, handed him cigarettes and sweets before asking, "Now are you comfortable?"

Eric almost forgot the pain in his swollen ankle and how he got it by slipping, under the weight of full equipment, into a twenty-feet-deep anti-tank ditch on to one of the iron spikes at the bottom, from where two comrades roped him to safety.

He marvelled at being waited on by a colonel, who, with orderlies scarce and fagged, was helping them out.

"Have some tea?" he asked Eric, having brought it along from the kitchen, where only one cook was left.

"Thanks, sir," said Eric. "Just like I get at home. Funny, sir, but in barracks we never get tea like this."

Over his airborne cup he wondered at the completeness of this hospital only a few hours old.

He saw the colonel rushing into the operating-room serious cases within a quarter of an hour of their being wounded. Flowers lay on some stretchers. They'd been placed there by Frenchwomen as airborne jeeps with stretchers for bad cases and a trailer for walking wounded passed back along the roads from wherever men needed them.

"Four wounded in trench, just outside the hospital, one bleeding to death," came a message.

"Stretcher - bearers!" called the colonel. "One short? Right. I'll be one." They'd the four men back within five minutes, and the bleeding man in the operating-room in another few seconds.

Red Cross Shelled

While a surgeon was trying to save him, two shells hit the hospital, blowing part of it away and killing an orderly.

A big red cross marked the ground in front of the building; a Red Cross flag flew from the gable. Still the shells came.

One of the four wounded was an airborne captain with a bullet wound in an arm. When it was dressed he had everybody laughing by saying to his batman, "Come on, Shadow. Out we go again." He had a Sten for close-quarter work. "Hospital defence," they called it.

Half an hour later Eric recognised him on a stretcher that passed through the room. His bloodstained tunic was partly ripped off. He looked pretty bad.

"More stretchers!" called the colonel. "Will men not seriously wounded and able to walk collect all they can off the D.Z."

The D.Z. was the dropping zone where the airborne hospital—operating theatre, jeeps and all—had landed.

When Eric's turn for a dressing came and a lieutenant was attending to his ankle a sniper's bullet zipped through the window and knocked out the orderly who was assisting.

The young doctor examined him, saw it wasn't urgent.

"Don't you worry," he told Eric, who looked concerned. "He'll come round in a minute and be all right. One at a time. Not hurting you, am I? Good. Got any cigarettes? Well, here's another box in case you run short."

Ready now for evacuation Eric settled down again in his corner; ate tinned steak and kidney pudding while more shells roared around.

"Leave your arms outside the hospital, so the enemy can't say it's defended," the colonel was telling the newcomers.

Eric eyed the stack of Brens, rifles and Stens, thinking he'd like to nip out and pick a good one from such a fine collection and have another "pot" . . . then looked ruefully at his ankle.

From the time he parachuted down in the darkness at one in the morning, till he left French soil, Eric saw only one of his "stick" of twenty men, a tall young

Within a quarter of an hour of being wounded, cases were on the operating table

private nicknamed Lofty, who was brought into hospital with a burst of machine-gun bullets through one arm.

"Probably have to come off," he said almost cheerfully as he walked over at the sight of the familiar face. He swopped experiences with Eric, said he's seen only one other of their twenty—Snowy (from his hair) who was "O.K. No wounds."

Pathetic German

Lofty, who'd dropped nearly on top of a machine-gun post and lay there in long grass pretending to be dead with a lump of his arm shot away, considered himself fortunate!

"How about this for a bit of luck?" he asked, showing a bullet-dented cigarette and Bren magazine.

A bullet struck him over the heart. The tin in the breast pocket of his smock and the magazine under the pocket saved him.

The patient with the biggest news that afternoon was a glider pilot from the Orne bridge, won on D-Day and held ever since, and only about three-quarters of a mile behind the outpost hospital where paratroops and commandos were holding the road to prevent German tanks breaking through to the vital crossing.

The bridge, said the glider pilot, was captured by nine men. He was one. They took it with a Bren, Stens and rifles.

So complete was the surprise that a quarter of an hour passed before the Germans opened fire on them... A machine-gun then reduced the nine to four before the glider-pilot was stretcher-borne away, but reinforcements arrived swelling the four to forty.

The most disappointed patient was a paratroop who came down in a tree and was immediately sniped at before dropping thirty feet through the branches and smashing a foot

"I'd trained four and a half years for it," he lamented, "and it was all over in four and a half minutes."

The most pathetic patient was a German boy of the Hitler Youth Movement, who, with a hand blown off, kept crying. An older German, irritated by the boy's sobs, swore at him. It made him cry more. He wasn't more than sixteen.

Eric left with an unforgettable picture of an airborne hospital stamped in his affections.

They lifted him into one of the sea-landed ambulances plying between the hospital and the beaches. The colonel took from him his emergency syringe of morphia. "I'd like it for operations, laddie, as you won't need it now."

Safely Home

And, still wearing his own beret, "But here's your tin-hat; you may find that useful if you get stuck on the beaches." He thought of everything.

"You've a pal, haven't you? Ah, there he is. Come on, you two go up top so you can yarn on the way. I like to get you away together if I can," these ambulances having two stretchers above and two below, with space for walking wounded in between.

"Now for you walkers. Scramble in, many as you can. Don't want to crush you, but we haven't too many ambulances here yet.

"You've all done your bit and you'll soon be home with a nice nurse to look after you. Good-bye. Good luck. And keep your chins up. Away you go, driver!" were his parting words.

"Next ambulance!" the last they heard from him

"It was a wonder, that hospital and that colonel," Eric told me.

Another was that within thirty-six hours of his being dragged off a spike in a Normandy anti-tank ditch he was in England—with a nice nurse to look after him.

WHAT COLOUR IS HAPPINESS?

IN all the plans for housing reconstruction after the war, little has yet been said about the importance of colour and its effect upon our lives and health.

But scientists and psychologists are agreed that colour has a far greater influence upon us than most of us realise, and the homes and workplaces of the future will not be complete unless their colour schemes are based upon the results of scientific tests and research.

* * *

Red, for example, is a stimulating colour, and when the flat-white colour scheme in one large office was changed to a warm red, absenteeism and nerviness almost vanished.

White is actually the least stimulating of all colours. There is a case on record of a man who wagered that he would eat an all-white dinner—and lost his bet.

The meal was one that any normal man could have tackled, but it was unrelieved by one dash of colour and he could not finish it.

The housewife who adds a sprig of parsley to fish or a pat of golden butter to potatoes is a better psychologist than many husbands appreciate!

In nursing-homes, the pastel shades of green have been found to help patients to convalesce.

Many operating-theatres in American hospitals have abandoned white in favour of bluish-green, while surgeons and nurses also wear bluish-green overalls and masks.

The reason is that bluish-green is much more restful to the eyes than the reflected glare of white walls and fittings.

Whereas yellow is another stimulating colour, particularly for mental workers, and even strongly contrasting splashes of colour can work wonders in some cases of nervous disorder

At one large factory the machine operators were allowed to paint their lathes in their own favourite colours, and the premises soon looked like a rainbow. Different colours were even applied to moving and stationary parts of machinery, light green being chosen for the moving sections and buff for the other parts.

* * *

Fatigue was considerably reduced, there was a sharp fall in the number of rejects due to faulty workmanship, and accidents decreased by no less than 70 per cent.!

The influence of colour is no myth—as we will all realise and appreciate when the return of peace allows us once more to brighten our lives with the colours we like best.

DAVID J. MURPHY.

Smashing the E

★ We are reaping to-day the full fruits of the far-sighted policy embarked upon in the dark days of 1940

By A. G. GARDINER

THE war has reached the phase of sheer attrition, and the question uppermost in all minds is—Where will the final collapse come? It may come on any one of the five major fronts.

Those fronts are now well defined. They are: the Russian front, the French front, the Italian front, the sky above Germany, the chaos within Germany.

On every front the enemy is fighting a losing battle with ever-diminishing resources. The cream of his man-power has perished in Russia, and he has no reserves on which to draw.

The exhaustion of his fuel resources is no longer in doubt. He is driven from the air, and cannot give cover to his armies. He has vanished from the sea. His transport is so shattered that his mobility is lost.

For two years his armies on every front have been in retreat, and it may be doubted whether any armies in history have sustained so unrelieved a record of defeat.

That this experience is undermining the morale of an army which is now patched up with second line units, is evidenced in France. The fanatical Hitler Youth still fight with the old arrogance and determination, but as their ranks are watered down with second-class troops, the will to fight lessens, and the readiness to surrender increases.

* * *

And behind all this deterioration in the material and moral power of the fighting forces looms the dark shadow over the home front. All Goebbels' skill cannot conceal from the men at the front the grim truth about what is happening at home.

They are between the hammer and the anvil. Their dread of the victorious and better equipped enemy before them is equalled by their dread of the terror behind.

They know that Germany is under invasion day and night. They know that their towns are destroyed, and that their families are in constant peril.

And to this disquieting knowledge is now added the outbreak of open war between the *Gestapo* and the Army chiefs. Heads are rolling (or hanging) in Germany, and they are the heads of those who in the past have made the name of Germany feared.

Are these conditions in which the armies in the field can be inspired to fight a losing, even a lost, battle?

And there is still a sixth front of the war on which events are moving no less disastrously for Germany. It is what we may call the European front.

One of the chief sources of Hitler's strength in his heyday was his dominion over Europe. From the North Sea to the Black Sea he was invincible and triumphant. All opposition was quelled because all opposition seemed hopeless.

* * *

Now the whole of Europe is in revolt against him. The Axis is gone. Italy has gone. Turkey has declared against him. Finland is on the eve of desertion. Yugoslavia holds him at bay. Everywhere his quislings are being repudiated. Vichy is eclipsed, and a resurrected France is coming back to the fighting front.

For every life given in the air, many are saved below, as the soldiers advance towards Paris

So crushing are the odds now against Germany that if the rules of the prize-ring prevailed in war, the referee would intervene and put an end to the conflict.

That, in fact, is what the generals who are being strung up by the *Gestapo* tried to do. They thought it was better to blow up Hitler than to have Germany blown up beyond repair. They wanted Germany to survive for another fling.

Hitler, knowing that defeat means the halter for him, is determined to leave Europe a desert, and is prepared to see Germany a part of the desert.

And in the struggle of the "Gestapo" thugs to save Hitler and the Army gang to save Germany, Hitler has for the time being won. It is probably the last victory he will win.

* * *

But on whichever front the imminent collapse comes, the way to expedite it is the same. It is the way of destruction — destruction of the enemy's material resources, fuel, transport, planes, tanks, above all, destruction of the armies in the field.

The map is good to look at, but it is not territory that matters, now that our double foothold on the Continent is secure. Territory will come of itself when the enemy's power to hold it is destroyed.

And the work of destruction is gathering momentum with every hour. We are reaping to-day the full fruits of the far-sighted policy which we set out to accomplish in the dark days of '40 and '41.

It was the aim of that policy to establish as decisive a supremacy in the air as we had at sea. To-day it is not too much to say that the Allies have swept the whole sky of Europe clear of enemy craft. We go where we like. We do what we will.

With our air-power we are doing two things. We are blasting the enemy's power-house at home, and we are blazing the path of victory for our armies in the field.

It is true to say that wars cannot be won by air-power alone. But it is equally true to say that air-power to-day is the master key to victory in the field.

With it we are starving the enemy armies of supplies. We are shattering their strategic plans. We are creating havoc behind their lines. We are striking terror into the hearts of the troops.

And we are doing this with an immense saving of life. Grievous are the losses of our heroic airmen, but for every life given in the air, many lives are saved below.

It is air-power which made the brilliant conception of the Battle of France possible. The idea of bottling up a great German army between the Seine and the Loire was a stroke of genius as thrilling as any in military records.

But it could not have been attempted without the air-power that enabled us to blow up the bridges, seal up "the box," and make the enemy's defensive strategy a thing of wastepaper.

What we are witnessing is the final phase

THESE BOOKS MAKE NEWS

IT was an extraordinary sight, that summer's afternoon. Row upon row of derelict villas with grass pushing between the paving stones and smokeless chimneys. The ten shops in the High Street closed, the entrance to the Underground station barred. . . .

The road outside had split and fissured. A layer of dirt and rubbish silted over the kerb so that you could hardly distinguish which was road and which pavement.

The sun was shining, it was high noon, and everything here seemed right for the living. But the living had withdrawn.

By 1994 the falling birth-rate of Britain could bring about that picture in all reality. By 1994 it might render derelict many suburbs of our big towns. Worse still, it could bring to a standstill whole industries.

★ ★ ★

The picture I have drawn is based upon statistical and biological fact. It is not just an imaginary picture.

But it need never happen. Indeed, a new and remarkable period of English life may lie just around the corner—providing we take the birth-rate problem in time.

That time is now.

But if the decline in the birth-rate continues to accelerate at its present pace there will be only four and a half million people left in Britain a hundred years from now. Among every hundred of those four and a half million thirty-nine would be workers, only three would

Beati g t

1,500,000 less than in the last war!

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Enemy

of the war—the phase of attrition, of annihilation. We are out to destroy the enemy's armies in the field.

With overwhelming superiority in men and material our purpose now is to keep those armies on the run in a war of movement like that which has brought the Russian Army to the frontiers of Germany.

* * *

In such a war all the advantages are on our side. With an army, eager for battle, conscious of victory, covered in the air, we are pursuing an enemy, depleted, defeated and conscious of defeat.

We have the sentiment of the invaded countries with us, and how much that means the experience of Russia shows. Much of her success has been due to the close co-operation of the partisans.

In France the whole nation are our partisans. And soon, as General de Gaulle has assured us, a French Army will have been enrolled in the Allied Army of Deliverance.

The climax of the war is here. The hour of annihilation has struck. It is no extravagant hope that by the time the autumn leaves have fallen, the German war machine will be so hammered out of shape that the road to Berlin will be open before us.

ALREADY IN PRUSSIA THE CITIZENS ARE MOBILISED WITH PICK AND SHOVEL TO STAY THE INVASION. BUT WHEN HITLER'S ARMIES ARE DESTROYED, PICK AND SHOVEL WILL NOT SAVE HIM FROM THE WRATH TO COME.

Japan will be Easier than Germany

AUSTRALIANS, although perturbed about the future of the Pacific, argue that the solution of the problem of Japan is an easier one to solve than that of Germany.

"After all, Japan's entire possessions consist of a lot of islands," said a Sydney journalist to me the other day, "and they could easily be cut off from the rest of the world and kept as isolated as though they were leper colonies.

"It is only ninety years ago that an American opened up Japan to trade with the outside world.

"Ever since, she has merely stolen ideas from the rest of mankind, and then, because of sweated labour, undersold everything she had made.

"Close her up again. Let her export merely a few things that we want in exchange for her bare necessities. Otherwise, compel her to go back to the rice-growing stage, emergence from which enabled her to steal ideas from other nations and then exploit them to the disadvantage of their originators."

BARRED BY THE CENSOR

This letter comes to me from the jungles in Bengal, and their malaria, cholera, filth, hunger, and flies:

"Did I tell you we'd written a letter to *S.E.A.C.*, our Services paper, regarding the stoppage of

George Formby wrote a well-timed song of victory

priority green envelope letters? Anyway, the letter was returned. The Censors thought it a bit too strong.

"So we diluted it and sent a milder version, this getting no further than the Unit Censor, and resulted in a dozen of us being in front of the C.O. and getting chewed up a bit.

"He even went so far as to say it was nothing but 'Bolshevism.'

"Are we to take that as an insult or a compliment? At least, our Bolshevik allies are doing a grand job of work in Europe.

"It makes you wonder what we're fighting for, doesn't it?

"Scathing letters still appear in *S.E.A.C.* regarding Churchill's praise of Franco, the fellow who's had divisions in Russia against our Allies, who tossed bombs into orange boxes for Blighty, and who's nothing but another of Hitler's dupes."

HOW WILL THEY VOTE?

The soldier who wrote that letter fears that officials are sitting back in some cushy office in India, waiting to take control of the oil wells —"What we have, we'll hold"—when he and his mates have won them back from the Japs.

"However, we shall be able to vote by proxy at the next general election," he adds. "If the total number of votes is an indication of what the chaps in every unit think, there will be an end of the Fascist-minded clique that now hides under a cloak of sham democracy.

"All I shall get out of all this, I expect, is a bit of worthless ribbon and a dose of dysentery."

THE SONG OF NORMANDY

How foolish, for four years, seemed "We'll Hang Up the Washing on the Siegfried Line" and all such swanking songs!

When George Formby wrote a new one of the same type, he timed well the hour of its birth. It was actually on a boat taking him to Normandy that he first sang, in public, these words:

Rolling into France, rolling into France!
Here we go, all in a row,
Tons and tons of tanks.
Over hills and banks . . . through old Fritz's ranks,
What a din when they begin
Rolling into France!
And if there are troubles we'll just light a fag,
And pack up those troubles in the old kitbag
Rolling into France . . . just watch our boys advance,
Hundreds, thousands, millions of 'em
Rolling into France.

Swaffer Talking

Then, at concert after concert in the open air, the troops joined in the refrain. And within a little more than a week the tanks were really rolling "over hills and banks" well past Caen.

Monty, by singing it with "the boys," gave the song his blessing—and then made it come true.

MONTY'S UMBRELLA

No, it was not foolish of Monty to carry an umbrella in France. It was merely an indiscretion, from the Whitehall point of view, for him to be photographed with one in his hand.

In Burma, Victor Thompson, the returned correspondent, assures me, many British officers copy the native habit of carrying an umbrella in torrential downpours that make a mock of all the blanco business.

"Pukka officers trained in the Indian tradition frown on such conduct," said Thompson; "but soldiers to whom victory is more important than tradition prefer to keep dry."

A VETERAN NOVELIST

Somerset Maugham, now seventy, is the only survivor, now that H. G. Wells has confined himself to political science, of the front-rank British novelists of more distinguished decades. His latest story, "The Razor's Edge," comes from New York, where he lives in exile.

When, in 1940, I criticised the gutlessness of the book he had written for the Ministry of Information about Frenchwomen at war, a publisher's periodical asked how I, a mere journalist, dared to question the work of a famous author.

Within a few weeks, however, Maugham acknowledged his own error. He had been shown a sham France had collapsed!

Escaping here, by way of Gibraltar, on a crowded coal barge, he was then disgusted to find that our Whitehall diplomats were still living, in their minds, in a world that had gone for ever.

Not even yet, I fear, has the Foreign Office found it out. I doubt if even Churchill, who still backs up every decadent foreign monarchy he can find, has discovered the fact.

SERGEANT YORK II

Sergeant Charles E. Kelly, the Sergeant York of this war—he is a Pittsburg boy who is the only soldier who has won both the Congressional Medal of Honour and the Silver Star—has apparently few delusions about the future. Or, perhaps, he possesses a great sense of humour.

He starts his life story by explaining that he sold it because the money might come in handy:

"Maybe I'll need it some day when the fact that I won a Congressional Medal of Honour has been forgotten by the people who put the arm on me for autographs and I'm having a little trouble landing a job because I'm too old, or the boss has a nephew he's promoting for the spot, or an employment manager says, Kelly, I'm afraid you haven't had quite the right kind of experience for us.'"

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which will soon become the biggest headache Britain has ever had to face.

Parents have revolted against our present way of life. More particularly they have revolted against its many insecurities—the threat of war, unemployment, inflation. They do not think it worth while to bring children into such a world.

There are a dozen other influences, but security plays a very important part.

For the main bulk of any increase in the population will have to come from the working classes.

* * *

Beveridge should play its part. But the theme needs development. Security for an increased birth-rate means something more.

It means accommodation suitable to children (not blocks of flats or houses without gardens). It means some guarantee that any child born will get the right food, clothing, education and a worth-while place in the community. Add a purpose in that community which everyone can respect, a common ideal such as we have in war time, and we get the broad basis to begin serious work.

There are many paths leading from here which must be cleared. At present, for instance, the childless man gets many privileges. In fact, our society to-day gives the man without children a higher standard of living than the man with children.

Two remedies are put forward. One concerns family allowances. It is ironical that the claim for higher old age pensions—needed, of course—has been met, but the twenty-five-year-old fight for family allowances is still going on. Meanwhile, we have 1,500,000 less children than in the last war.

A second and more drastic scheme points out that man-power represents the wealth of a country. In consequence, a man should be paid not merely for the work he performs alone, but also for the number of children he has.

This extra "salary" would take the form of coupon currency entitling any child born to basic food, clothing and education.

Of course, the system is full of difficulties. But it would certainly overcome one of the main problems of the birth-rate. The majority of married couples appear to be willing to have one child. They are less willing to have two, and generally unwilling to have three.

Yet to maintain the population of Britain at its present level it is necessary for every woman to have three children.

If you, as a parent of one child, knew that the country would guarantee food, clothing and education for another two, would you be prepared to have them? I will not anticipate the answer. . . .

One thing, however, stands out amongst it all. It is the man in the street who will change the birth-rate. Ultimately, the situation is in our hands. For that reason alone this book of K. and R. Titmuss should be read by every responsible citizen.

VINCENT BROME.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

UGLY LESSON

IT is not a happy story I have to tell. But it is, I think, an important one—important for every citizen who wants to see public affairs properly administered.

Clean administration, as the Home Secretary has said, is "an essential of democratic success."

Last week, as you'll remember, I revealed facts of graft and corruption which have cost the country some £30,000,000 in respect of war contracts alone.

I drew a clear distinction between deliberate "graft" and the scandals which arise from maladministration in local affairs—irregularities, grave mismanagement and incompetence.

It is with the latter that I am concerned this week.

And in every case where incompetence, gross irregularities, or any other like evils are discovered, the high privilege of public service must be withheld from the offenders.

Central Figure

Public servants must not only be as far above suspicion as Cæsar's wife. They must see that their conduct appears to be above criticism.

But recently the city of Newcastle has become involved in scandal. Its public affairs have been the subject of an inquiry held by Mr. Roland Burrows, K.C., on the instructions of the Home Secretary.

Central figure in the scandal is Mr. Richard Embleton. He has been one of the city's most prominent and influential citizens for many years.

Serving with distinction in the Boer and 1914-18 wars, he holds ten medals and decorations. For a long time, too, he has played a fine part in charitable work.

At one time he was Sheriff of Newcastle.

Vanishing Vehicle

Since 1934 he has been chairman of the Watch Committee and superintendent of the Special Constabulary (Mounted Police). And, in this war, he has been chairman of the Emergency Committee and Deputy A.R.P. Controller.

Mr. Embleton is a man with a dominating personality. As his years of public service grew, he became intolerant of criticism.

It is plain that he allowed his municipal and personal affairs to get intolerably entangled as his position in Newcastle went higher and higher.

Take one item.

In 1940, a certain vehicle vanished from the Corporation's possessions.

For nearly two years there was no solution to the mystery.

This is what happened. In October, 1940, the vehicle had been moved from its Corporation shed to the premises of the Premier Electric Welding Company, Limited.

At all material times the principal shareholder of this company was Mr. Embleton. Embleton was chairman, and nothing of importance was ever transacted in its name without his express approval and sanction.

There was no written authority to dispose of the Corporation's vehicle. But when—after nearly two years—the matter was raised by the Finance Committee, Mr. Embleton stated that several offers were originally invited for its purchase and one came from the Premier Company. The Fire Chief had telephoned the company's office one morning saying that it could be collected.

Had the Premier company paid for the vehicle which changed hands so strangely? It had not.

Mr. Embleton,
Newcastle's incredible councillor

Mr. Embleton explained the delay in payment by saying that the Treasurer had never sent in an account. How could he do so when the transaction had taken place in such an off-hand and irregular manner, and the Treasurer had had no previous knowledge of it at all!

But the Finance Committee were satisfied and a belated cheque was received from the Premier company. For many months the matter rested; then, in February, 1943, Mr. Richardson, secretary of the local Ratepayers' Union, started the ball rolling again. He wrote to the Town Clerk, asking certain questions.

Mr. Richardson's letter—in strict accordance with the procedure which has been in vogue in Newcastle for many years—was forwarded by the Town Clerk to the Watch Committee (of which Mr. Embleton was Chairman). The Watch Committee decided to take no action.

Three months passed. Then a councillor named McKeag gave the Town Clerk formal notice that he proposed to ask certain specific questions at the next meeting of the City Council. The details of his proposed questions were enclosed with the notice.

Quite rightly again, the Town Clerk sent a copy to Mr. Embleton with a draft of such replies as he could frame from recorded information.

But the actual answers to Councillor McKeag's questions, as given at the Council meeting, differed materially from those which had been drafted by the Town Clerk and forwarded on to Mr. Embleton.

The date of payment for the vehicle was omitted, as was the fact that the real purchaser was Mr. Embleton's Premier Electric Welding Co., Ltd. And the answer to the allegation that a councillor (*unnamed* in the question) was connected with the acquiring concern as a director was amplified by the addition of the words: *"But not at the time of the disposal of the vehicle, or since, as an executive."*

Is it not almost unbelievable that any public man—particularly Mr. Embleton, who, in his dual rôle of municipal dignitary and company director—could be able to dispose of such serious questions in such a lighthearted and casual fashion?

Hired Out!

Now for another example. The city's Civil Defence required a vessel for river pumping. Superintendent Chadwick, of the N.F.S., reported to Mr. Embleton (head of the Emergency Committee) that a suitable one was obtainable, and he advised that it should be acquired by the Corporation.

But did the Corporation acquire it? No; the Premier Electric Welding Company did.

Mr. Embleton, hearing of the vessel only because of his position as chairman of the Emergency Committee, used that knowledge to divert negotiations on behalf of the Corporation to the advantage of the company that was mostly just himself.

Then the company *hired* it to the Corporation!

This outrageous transaction was made all the worse by this fact:

The vendor, believing that he was selling to the Corporation, asked for corroboration in writing. And Superintendent Chadwick actually gave him a written certificate which reads:—

"This boat has been purchased by the Newcastle Fire Brigade Authority in conjunction with the Home Office Fire Brigades' Division."

Another episode concerns a large number of bunks and mattresses needed for A.R.P. purposes. Superintendent Chadwick's department found some that were admirably suitable, provided they were dismantled first.

Again, information obtained by employees of the Corporation was passed on to Mr. Embleton in his official capacity.

These bunks and mattresses were bought by the Premier company. At the committee meeting which decided to buy them, Mr. Embleton sat calmly in the chair knowing he had used knowledge gained in his official position for the Premier company's benefit.

But, in spite of the gross irregularity, at least one thing can be said in Mr. Embleton's favour—that the price charged was a reasonable one.

And let me turn to the little matter of a shelter at a councillor's house at Whitley Bay. This was poorly built and needed sandbag support.

Mr. Embleton, in his privileged position, kindly presented the councillor with 100 sandbags from the Corporation's stocks, and had them sent to Whitley Bay in an official car.

The councillor concerned did not like his gas-mask, so Mr. Embleton very kindly loaned him a Service respirator, a steel helmet and a stirrup pump.

There was misuse of petrol, too. Official cars were used for private purposes.

Work done at Mr. Embleton's house was carried out by municipal employees, in their official time, at public expense, though he paid them some remuneration in addition. They went to this job in Corporation vehicles.

As far back as in April, 1942, when a deputation from Newcastle waited upon Mr. Herbert Morrison about a certain matter, the Secretary of State commented on the fact that it was not desirable for Mr. Embleton to hold two municipal posts at one time.

The deputation promised Mr. Morrison that something would be done.

The sequel showed Mr. Embleton in all his dominating and Napoleonic brilliance.

Keeping it Dark

An Emergency Committee was called, and, with Mr. Embleton in the chair, it was decided—by five votes to four, with Mr. Embleton's own included!—that no change should be made.

And, at the next meeting, it was further decided that the Home Secretary should not even be informed of the committee's decision!

As to the voting of the other councillors, I accept their explanation that they were over-influenced by Mr. Embleton.

One can naturally expect people to be confused and misled by a man like this who, in such an intolerable state of municipal affairs, can hold the chairmanship of the Emergency Committee jointly with the chairmanship of the Watch Committee and—more incredible still—act as Deputy A.R.P. Controller when the actual Controller is actually his subordinate.

Direct publicity of this kind should come as a severe punishment to Mr. Embleton. That it is thoroughly deserved there can be no doubt.

Incidents of the type I have dealt with here cannot be tolerated if our democratic standards of public life are to be upheld.

The Newcastle-on-Tyne Council has made a good start by disbanding the Watch Committee and setting up a new one. But it has a great deal to do before all its Augean stables have been cleansed.

But the lesson of Newcastle is one for councils, big and small, everywhere. Wherever suspicion or inefficiency exists it should be probed to the utmost limit.

A WIDOW'S LETTER

● "Thank you very much for your kind sympathy in my sad bereavement, also for cheque."

So writes Mrs. A. Surtees, of Streatham, in acknowledging a cheque paid to her by JOHN BULL when her husband was killed by a direct hit on a surface shelter in which he was taking refuge.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment, including substantial benefits for death or loss of sight.

Readers who have not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Men In Action Need More Books

● When our lads on the fighting fronts ask for something to ease the rigour of their tasks, would you turn a deaf ear or a cold shoulder?

And the lads *have* asked for something.

"We've read every book in our kit three or four times; read every line in every newspaper that gets here. Try to get the people at home to send us something to read, and we'll be happy."

* * *

So said one of the fighting men in Normandy, and he spoke for thousands of his comrades.

Well, most of us have books and magazines that we shall never look at again.

Turn them out—and do it now! Take them—unstamped and unaddressed—to any post office. Hand them over the counter. They will be sent free of charge to the Central Services Book Depot, from which they will speedily get to their destinations.

* * *

Not only to men on the fighting-fronts will they be sent, but to men and women of the Services in any part of the world, however distant or remote.

To the Falkland Islands, the Orkneys, to St. Helena, to Addis Ababa; books and magazines will go up with the rations to the jungle stations of Colombo; to rest-camps behind the lines; to hospitals and convalescent homes.

You won't forget, will you?

Three-thirty on Corporal Cotter's first wedding anniversary—

CORPORAL COTTER swung the half-track carrier he was driving off the mountain road into the railway yard, and switched off his engine.

He looked anxiously at his wrist-watch. Six minutes to go. He would just make it.

The sergeant was clambering out of the carrier into the hot Italian sunshine. Corporal Cotter followed him. "I'll take a breather," he said.

"Okay," the sergeant said. "Be handy."

Wiping the sweat from the back of his neck the corporal wandered off beyond the wall that skirted the highway, and for a while the sergeant watched him.

Corporal Cotter did not mix with the boys. He did not drink, he avoided the dark-eyed Italian girls, and he seldom put in an appearance at the Naafi. He liked to get away by himself—he had been like that for a year.

The sergeant was thinking: "That kid has that wife of his on his mind. She must be playing him up."

But the sergeant was wrong—in part. Everyone knew that Charlie Cotter got married to a girl he had known for years in Ealing two days before the unit left for North Africa. He was always hanging round for a letter from home—moping, the sergeant called it. He always got a batch of letters, and he always took them off to read them when no one else was around.

Elsie was not playing him up; but, all the same, each letter gave him a gnawing pain in his chest. He wanted to be home with her. To see her again. To hear her say in that queer little way: "Hello, Charl-lie!"

THE brilliant sunshine was throwing black shadows in the bomb craters on the hills among the olive groves and across the gaps torn in the houses by shellfire. A long line of ambulances was threading down from the hills through the village, and somewhere ahead the guns were speaking in a continuous muffled rumble.

Corporal Cotter sat by the roadside in the shadow of a high white wall. He was waiting for the hand of his wrist-watch to point to 3.30 p.m. This was the corporal's first wedding anniversary, and in three minutes now he had an appointment to keep.

The appointment was with Elsie.

Short Story *by B. L. Jacot*

For Remembrance

Illustrated by Edgar Spenceley

Corporal Cotter could still see Elsie quite clearly when he closed his eyes for an instant. He had kept the picture before him all through North Africa and Sicily, and at nights in Italy on the long way up.

Elsie in her white wedding dress. There is something about a wedding in white that makes a girl look different.

Charlie Cotter's bachelor uncle, Fred, had brought three bottles of British port to the reception. The vicar had dropped in, and he drank a glass too. The young couple's health and the best of luck to the bridegroom.

Everyone in Elm Road knew Charlie Cotter was on embarkation leave. Children were hanging round the gate most of the afternoon.

It was his last few minutes with Elsie before he left for Paddington. In the little parlour, with the lace curtains, the marble clock, the new carpet—and the last of Uncle Fred's British port on the sideboard.

"Well, good-bye, old girl," Charlie said, looking at his boots.

Elsie had a hard, bright look. She turned away and fetched Uncle Fred's bottle of port. Then she filled two glasses.

"Charlie," she said, "wherever you are, and wherever I may be, on our wedding anniversary—no—to-day at this exact time, think of me and we'll drink together although we may be hundreds of miles apart."

He looked then at the marble clock. 3.30.

"Wherever I am," he said, "I'll think of you and drink to you. It's a funny sort of idea, though."

Her eyes were solemn. "It'll bring us together again, just for that one moment. We'll both be thinking the same thought and both be doing the same thing. It's a link that'll bring us together. Promise me!"

Charlie Cotter promised her. They raised their glasses and drank the wine.

"This time next year shut your eyes and think of this," Elsie said. "We'll be back right here in this room again—for a moment. You must promise—promise me!"

He promised her again. He kissed her and left. And ever since then, being away from her had grown worse as time passed. Sometimes he didn't think he could bear it, and he had come to realise what Elsie—a woman—seemed to have known all along. Things like this appointment—letters—remembrances—reached out across space and eased the yearning for a moment—brought them together again.

AN ambulance full of children passed, halting farther down the road. An R.A.M.C. sergeant walked back in the dust-cloud. "How far to Number Seven Red Cross?" he asked.

"About nine kilos," Charlie told him. He had a minute to go and he hoped this fellow would not stop to talk.

"Jeepers, this is a bunch," he said. "Three old women died already. The Germans have been giving them Hell!"

He passed on. Charlie Cotter pulled out of his pocket a whisky flask he had been carrying for days. It was filled with Italian red wine.

"Well, Elsie!" he was saying to himself. For weeks now he had been rehearsing this moment. "Well, Elsie, Old Girl. Wherever you are, here we are back in your mother's parlour . . . and in a minute I'm going to kiss you good-bye . . ."

He glanced at his watch and raised the flask.

At that moment something caught his eye. They had unloaded a young Italian woman on her stretcher, and placed her almost at his feet. Something in her glazed eyes sent a thrill of horror—of pity—through Charlie Cotter's innermost self.

"Her baby girl was killed in her arms this morning," a nursing sister said. "We couldn't get the babe away from her. She wouldn't believe it was dead—kept talking to it. She knows it's gone now. And she's out of her mind . . ."

The corporal swallowed hard. He couldn't take his eyes away from the woman's face. It was terrible: it looked as if it belonged to another world.

"Just a minute!" the sister said. She took Charlie's flask. "Perhaps this will do the poor soul a bit of good."

—and he had an appointment with Elsie in Ealing

She prised open the mother's lips and poured. The woman smiled faintly. "*Gratias!*" she whispered. The sister held the flask to her lips until the wine was gone, then with a smile handed it back to Charlie.

He heard the sergeant calling his name. He got to his feet. It was 3.34 p.m. And he had missed his appointment with Elsie.

With the way things were at that time in North Italy, the Unit, moving about in the chaos of the civil population, missed several mails from home. It was about a fortnight later that Charlie got a batch of letters.

HE took them off to be on his own, and fingering them through picked out an airgraph. It was postmarked with the day of their appointment. For a long while he could not bring himself to open it, for he felt that now he was growing farther and farther away from his wife. There had been the link, and he had broken it.

He opened the airgraph in the end. "My Darling," he read. "A terrible thing has happened."

His hand began to shake. He sat down and steadied his hands on his knees.

"All this morning I was so excited and thrilled about our remembrance. I had my toast ready. Mother managed to get some British port, and after dinner I went into the parlour and poured the glass ready. It was just before three then

"I never told Mummy or anyone and I was going to lock the door just before the time, so as to be alone with you, My Darling. I was ironing in the kitchen, thinking how lucky I was to be home on leave, although I may tell you I had been working to arrange this leave with my Section Commander for months, so as to be home for our day.

"And then it happened. I heard it come over and shouted to Mummy. We both got under the stairs. It fell at the back of Number Seven—the Thompsons'. Blew out their windows, and the ceilings came down I ran down to help the Thompsons. The back of their house had collapsed—and—Oh, Darling, please forgive me!—I was so busy helping to drag old Mrs. Thompson out, *I clean forgot all about our appointment for Remembrance!*

"The old lady wasn't hurt much, but when I suddenly remembered and looked at my watch it was ten to four."

Be Prepared Now for Peace

HUMAN MACHINE

Within a measurable time now there is going to arise a problem that is going to need everything each individual has to be tackled successfully. That problem is just this—how are we going to fit in with the community that will spring into being the moment the war is over?

The mere fact of the ending of the war will bring another atmosphere, another outlook, another point of view. How are we going to meet it?

There is only one solid foundation with which to meet any change—to realise and to believe that our average fellow-creatures are very decent people, that they possess, just as we do, a lot of kindliness, a lot of sense of duty, and a lot of communal interest.

We must realise and believe, too, that our fellows are very largely unselfish, and quite ready to co-operate with us.

Let us put this in reverse, as it were. We must all avoid like the plague any suspicion of self-righteousness, any trace of being "superior" and consequently at "outs" with the community in which we have to live.

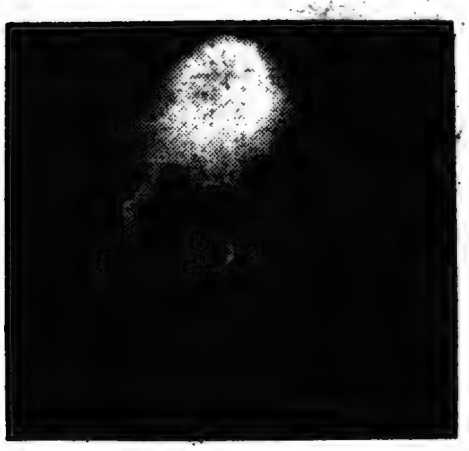
One of the wisest bits of advice ever given in a difficult world was "Take people as you find them"; and it's not as easy to do that as you might think. It involves being tolerant, being broad-minded, being genuinely *human*.

It means a complete absence of priggishness and snobbery. And, above all, it implies that you have the sense and the courage to take people as *you* find them.

You see the point, don't you?

★ Germany's pilotless planes have been a nine days' wonder . . . but Britain's partnership planes have been on the job all along! writes MARK PRIESTLEY

These Doubles Never Quit!



Several now famous flying partnerships were formed in Beaufighters during the Battle of Britain

SQUADRON - LEADER H. C. RIGBY, D.F.C., and Flying-Officer J. B. Rigby are the fighting sons of a Cheshire solicitor. They flew together as Numbers 1 and 2 in the first Spitfire squadron to operate in the North African campaign—and they were flying together the other week with the first Spitfire squadron to fight from a French field in the battle of Normandy.

At one time the Rigbys were flying together in the same section, but living in different messes. Now they'd like nothing better than to be teamed together in the same plane.

For Britain's partnership planes are world-famous. Only the other night, when a Me.410 stole over here in an attempt to back up the buzz-bombs, it was chased sixty miles back over the North Sea by a pair of duet flyers and shot down in flames.

No Coincidence

The observer, Flying-Officer F. M. Robbins, a Bristol man, needed to do no more than nod the victory to his pilot, Flight-Lieut. Don Greaves. These two men can read each other's minds. This was their eighth joint victory, including five German and Italian aircraft wiped out in Africa.

It's said that they share the same dreams. They go on leave together. They gained the D.F.C. together. And it can't be a coincidence that four other double teams that same night also claimed victims. It happens too often.

Witness the amazing long-term partnership of Wing-Commander McNeill Boyd and his night-fighter observer, Flight-Lieut. Joe Glegg.

They were together in one of the first Beaufighters to go on night operations, back in the 1940 blitz. They bagged five of the enemy together, received the D.F.C. together, went on instruction together, and were posted together for fresh front-line work in the Middle East.

Together they notched another five—and now they're back together in the same fighter group in which they gained their first joint laurels.

Perfect timing, perfect co-ordination and understanding, of course, forge these partnerships—and something more.

How about that instance last March when Wing-Cmdr. Geoff Goodman and his observer, Flying-Officer Bill Thomas, a Bath ex-policeman, were going on leave? At the last moment they held back.

"I feel there's something in the air," said Goodman.

"Somebody certainly is!" Thomas agreed.

That night, the sirens sounded in Southern England. The Goodman-Thomas team went up—and destroyed two Junkers bombers.

And how about the recent night when they flew their Mosquito to Dijon, hedge-hopping and skimming at full throttle, spurred on by the mutual intuition that something was bound to turn up?

Approaching Dijon, they saw a line of twin-engined Heinkels flying in formation. And the team closed in, firing. They shot down four enemy aircraft in six minutes, one after the other.

There were barely a dozen gallons of fuel left in the tanks when they finished the 300 miles back to base, equivalent to a motorist getting home on a cupful of petrol.

Their partnership is as close as bread and jam.

The two years duet of the "Inseparable Aussies" has only just ended, after 43 sorties, with the appointment of Flying-Officer Max Paynter to staff duties

Paynter, one time a commercial traveller, had never met his navigator, Flying-Officer J. W. Mackay, till they found themselves together at an O.T.U.

Paynter was the only Aussie on one course and McKay the only Aussie on the other, yet even at their training unit they started well together by bringing back a Whitley 250 miles on one engine by a series of dives and climbs.

They set up a bombing record. They were the first Aussies in a Leigh Light squadron.

Share-and-share-alike is the slogan of such adventure. Flight-Lieut. Alan Broadley and Group-Captain Percy Pickard were even painted together by an Air Ministry artist after they'd completed 100 operational sorties, every one of them strenuous.

They, too, were "crewed up" together shortly after training, way back in 1940. Pickard in a superstitious moment—or maybe for a joke—blooded Alan in the arm with a needle to make them blood brothers.

They little guessed they were going to bomb together, ditch together, sit in a dinghy together, share every danger . . .

When Squadron-Leader Eric Thorn met his pal, Sergeant Fred Barker, it was just a case of the Flight-Commander saying, "Here's your gunner!"

Privately he added, "If you don't like him, let me know, and I'll make a change!"

He'd said the same thing in confidence to the gunner!

Escaping Capture

Yet the team of Thorn and Barker, paired in a Defiant, destroyed 13 enemy aircraft, went flying together on night-fighter duties, bagged a Heinkel or two, and afterwards shot up gun-posts and searchlights together on the beaches of France.

Still it goes on. Normandy was pretty crowded on D-day, and when Flying-Officer Jack Woodcock was ordered to bale out of a blazing Transport Command Dakota, it looked as if he might be seeing his pilot, Flying-Officer Le Huray, for the last time.

He flopped into a river, bruising his face in the parachute's shroud-lines, and staggered ashore more dead than alive. He was four miles from Caen, and might have been captured but for the enthusiasm of a French family who sheltered and fed him.

And there was Flying-Officer Le Huray. He'd made a crash-landing in the Dakota, ducked for an explosion that had never occurred—and found his way to safety by an equally devious route.

Partnerships don't end with meetings. They're fused still stronger.

BACKYARD *versus* PLAYING FIELDS

I DON'T know that I'd like to be very young now. There are more and more pitfalls for the young as generation succeeds generation.

I was pretty bright as a youngster, but my elders were satisfied to leave it at that.

They didn't make my life a misery because I was bright. They left me to it. After all, it was my own brightness.

★ ★ ★

But now, if I were, say, seven or eight—and bright—I'd be sleeping badly at nights. I'd be trembling.

Because now (or soon) the child who is seven or eight, and bright, *and found out*, is likely to finish up at Eton before he can say a word for himself.

They're not only going to throw open the doors of the public schools to John Willie from Casey's Court, but, unless he looks out and dodges, they're going to throw John Willie *in*.

I'm very glad that Eton and Harrow were not compulsory when I was young and bright. Most of the fun I've got out of life has come from knowing ordinary chaps doing ordinary things in an ordinary way.

Men in 'buses, men in shops, the chap over the garden fence, the chap who clips the tickets at the station.

I started mixing with them as a boy when they were boys. But I don't see how I could have done this if I'd been away at Harrow all the time.

Holidays?

Oo-er!

I can see John Willie coming home for the "hols," back to Casey's Court in his little top-hat and his Eton jacket. There would be fun!

And he'd grow up hating the very people that his father grew up liking. Likeable people, or they wouldn't be liked. Why grow up hating them?

Ordinary chaps, yes. But aren't most of us?

★ ★ ★

There's an idea getting about that ordinary chaps want to bust into the inner fastnesses of what are called the Upper Ten and lead that sort of life with them. Rubbish! Ordinary chaps want to be ordinary chaps.

It's no good saying to an ordinary boy, "If you're very, very good I'll send you to Eton." That wouldn't work. What might work (the other way round) would be to say, "If you don't stop being very, very bad I'll send you to Eton."

That's what would have worked with me.

A. G.

Voice of

PLEA for leave comes from South East Asia Command, "The Forgotten Army." Gnr. Short, R.A., writes to a relative at Mary Street, Harpurley, Manchester:

I am in the pink, but we are still a little "browned off" at the news that we shall be out here for five years before we get leave to go home and see our families.

If War Secretary Griggs would come out here to the front line and live in holes in the ground and exist as we do for a period of not less than six months that would teach him sense!

People at home will have to kick up a rumpus about this question of leave for the men out here. We men of the "Forgotten Army" are not habitual grousers, but fighters, most of us have seen action in several campaigns. For that reason we have a right to demand a fair deal, but we are not getting it.

THE REAL THING

A wounded paratroop, Spr. [illegible] Morgan, now in hospital in England, took part in the Normandy landings and now finds leisure to write to a friend at Granada Road, Denton, Manchester:

Yes, I'm wounded, but let me start at the beginning!

We, the Paratroops, started off on our mission late on the Monday night, and we descended on the soil of France ten minutes to one on "D" Day, some six hours before the seaborne forces.

When you jump out of a 'plane while on a training "scheme" in England the first thing you notice is the quiet after the roar of the aircraft engines. But this time it was different!

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

A YOUNG woman of thirty tells me she blesses the bomb that smashed her home! For years she has been hampered by loving but possessive parents. She has been longing to get away to live her own life, but she never had the pluck to break away for fear of hurting their feelings.

"All this may sound very selfish," she writes, "but I am sure there must be many more girls who would share my feelings. My parents are dears, but they adore me far too much. Their only thought for me was that I must always have the best of everything.

"None of my boy friends was ever good enough, and sooner or later they all got tired of the supervision cleverly under the guise of hospitality.

"If I got home late from the office my father and mother both got into a state about what might have happened to me. I never got away for a holiday with suitable pals but was expected to go with my parents to other friends of the family, where I was practically 'shelved off' as a wonderful and charming daughter!

"In time we got on one another's nerves and had deadly rows over trifles, but I could not break away without causing heartaches and an accusation of ingratitude. If only they could realise that at my age one must live one's own life. But that blessed bomb has set me free and I am determined never to go back.

f the Troops

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ped out, and found myself in the dle of a Belle Vue gala firework ay. Red and green light (German ack), and tracer bullets were ing about all over the place. How- I got safely to ground.

t once I had touched ground I ed there flat as a pancake, for not ty yards from me was a German hine-gun, and just to add a little to it, some unknown blighter three grenades at me, but he was r shot.

. After that I joined up with some e other lads, and in due course we our initial tasks quite successfully. we laid down a minefield, after we started digging-in and getting for when Jerry really got going.

first big attack came on Wednesevening, when he used his mortars deadly accuracy, and when I write rtars, I don't mean the stuff they between bricks. Anyway, we re- d that attack and gave Jerry some- to think about. He left forty dead e house alone.

e next attack came on the following ing, and it was still going on when s wounded. My wounds were d, and I asked the M.O. what he going to do with me, but as we at that time surrounded and in a r tough spot, he gave no direct er to what must have seemed a fool question.

wever, our position improved, and I was loaded on to a Jeep, and after a hell-fire run through country roads we came to the beach-head, where they told me I was going back to England. For a minute I was glad, but remembering the pals I was leaving behind, I was sorry.

I was hit at midday on Thursday, and I was in hospital in England by four o'clock the next day.

Now I am comfortable, nothing really serious; a few odd bits of shrapnel in me, and a small bullet wound.

THE CUSTOMER IS WRONG

Cafés in South-East Asia are just a bit different to those at home, says L./Cpl. A. Challenger, Royal Corps of Signals, Assam, who writes to his wife at Harrowdene Road, Knowle, Bristol:

The cafés here are usually tumble-down shacks, converted into "restaurants" for the troops, and usually run by Chinamen. The waiters are little kids of eight or nine, but it is the customers who do the waiting.

The first step in getting a meal is to write down your requirements on a piece of paper, preferably with illustrations. Then when nothing happens for an hour or so, the now impatient customer decides that the only way to get a meal is to invade the kitchen, and wait there while it is cooked.

You then return triumphantly to your table to find that someone has pinched your hat, which you had placed on a chair to reserve it. The meal finished, you demand your bill, which starts a war of words about grotesque mis-charges. The proprietor, knowing neither Urdu or English, and the customer, knowing no Chinese, logical argument and friendly discussion is impossible.

So having banged down what you think is fair, you march firmly to the door, accompanied by the indignantly expostulating Chinese proprietor, who probably calls on all his gods to witness how he has been robbed by a British soldier.

The final blow comes as you reach the door, where, as all doors in this place are built low, you catch your head a terrific crack on the lintel—so, out into the night, feeling sore, mentally and physically.

New York ladies made the sailors welcome, but it was startling to be asked why Scotsmen did not join the Scottish navy!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Anglo-American relations suffered a jolt when a few shipmates from this country spent a short leave in New York. Telegraphist J. A. Mills explains why in a letter to his family at Whittell Gardens, Sydenham, London, S.E.26:

These New Yorkers are grand people and they are keenly interested in we British lads, but they know practically nothing of our side of the war and how we live.

We were in a café yesterday and chatting with people who were glad to see us. But here are two specimen questions asked me, to show what I mean:

You soon feel at home with New Yorkers, and it was not long before talk turned to Britain. I had casually mentioned that I came from Scotland, when I was immediately asked why I was not in the Scottish navy! In spite of the wisecrack of my pals, I managed to clear up this point.

Then came the knock-out blow! A bright young thing, all eagerness and charm, asked me whether Scotland was fighting for or against England! . . . I took the count, and my seconds threw in the towel!

Nature Rightly Cuts the Silver Cord

Mr. Lloyd George is one of many great men with the enviable gift of falling asleep at a minute's notice

here are times when I feel I am a beast but I shall stick to my ation. I have a pleasant flatlet a good job of work, but the thing satisfies me most is that I am at really independent.

o you think I am being callous, and selfish? I have been called all things. But how can I get my g parents to see the matter from gle and persuade them of my last- ffection?"

e parents tyrannise over their ren because they hate the sight of them. It may sound inhuman and unnatural, but it is true enough. Other parents tyrannise because they love them inordinately. In either case the young people are justified in getting away.

Is it possible to make parents see the rights and wrongs of the position? If they are intelligent they ought to realise the mischief of being too possessive. If they are stupid I doubt whether they will ever grasp the idea at all.

Only last week I had a letter from a young man of 19 whose mother opens all his letters and tries to control his every movement.

When he suddenly flared up and demanded to be treated as a grown-up person his mother wept for hours saying she was thinking only of his good. He also wanted to know if I thought him ungrateful, and I rather hope his mother opened the letter which I sent him.

It is not natural for parents to cling to their offspring too long. Nature's way can be seen in the behaviour of birds and animals. They are devoted to their young until the great moment comes when they can send them out to fend for themselves. Then they "kick them out!"

"What is the secret of those people who can snatch ten minutes' sleep whenever they wish?" asks another reader. "It takes me ages to fall asleep, but my husband can sleep any time and anywhere.

"He can sleep through all kinds of noise, whereas the slightest sound wakens me. Is there some special gift for good sleeping and can anyone acquire the habit?"

The old-fashioned answer to the question is that the husband must have an easy conscience—or a good digestion—but there is more in it than that.

Man and wife may be equally tired physically and both need sleep to recuperate. But the wife probably has some mental conflicts (maybe unconscious) that make sleep so elusive.

The problem is one for a psychologist. A psychologist could also tackle a question sent by a man in one of the shortest letters I have ever received:—

"Nearly all my colleagues seem to get on wonderfully well in life," he writes, "but I am a floundering stick-in-the-mud. I'm certain I am not duller than they are. Perhaps you could tell me what is the explanation?"

I suspect that the man has no genuine wish to get on; that he is quite content to be a stick-in-the-mud.

He would like more money, undoubtedly, but he would not like to face the extra duties or the additional responsibility. If his present job fits him like a glove why should he be restive and anxious to change?

EMPLOYERS are continually extolling the virtues of ambition, but ambition is like a fever in the blood. It may carry a man onwards and upwards—in salary, in social position—but it robs him of a peaceful mind and other more valuable things.

It has been described as a disease, but it is serious only when it becomes too virulent.

Ambition provides the motive power for an active life. In itself it is good within reasonable limits. It should not become an obsession or a monomania. A man should be the master of his ambition: not its slave.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● After the war, young married couples, in setting up homes, should be able to borrow money at low interest from the Government to buy a house and furniture. This will protect us from money-lenders and hire-furnishing sharks.—"C. W. E.," Leicester.

★ ★ ★

We gas our own rabbits, then spend £750,000 a year on importing rabbit flesh! What a way to save shipping space and food!—"W. M. I.," Padiham, Lancs

★ ★ ★

It is time that the dental profession began to save the nation's teeth, not extract 'em. Millions of teeth are yanked out annually, a large percentage of them unnecessarily.—"G. F.," Fife.

★ ★ ★

Newspaper advertisement says: "Woman required for housework. Soldier's wife not objected to."—I should hope not!—"One of Them," Camden Town, London, N.W.

★ ★ ★

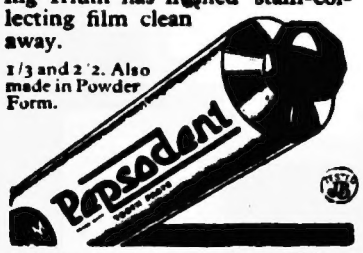
Why in the name of common-sense is holiday pay charged as "unearned income" for income-tax pusposes? Surely workers who have laboured for fifty-one weeks in the year have earned a week's holiday pay?—"Worker," Liverpool.

DOES YOUR SMILE LIGHT UP YOUR FACE?

the answers on the tip of your tongue

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film clean away.

1/3 and 2/2. Also made in Powder Form.

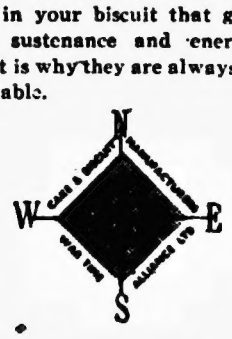


CVS 96

THREE ESSENTIALS

IT was long before the war that scientific and nutritional experts began to focus our attention on these three main constituents of our food—carbo-hydrates, proteins and fats—although the shortages of recent years have stressed their importance.

Rationing plans have sought to balance these three essentials of our diet and it is doubtless the high nutritional value of Biscuits which is responsible for their present freer supply. The experts know that biscuits contain not one, but all three main essentials. It is these carbo-hydrates, proteins and fats in your biscuit that give you sustenance and energy. That is why they are always so valuable.



Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

How to get a MACLEAN SHAVE

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

1 *Wet the beard thoroughly.*
2 *Put a little cream on your chin with finger tip.*
3 *Lather with plenty of water on brush.*

1/3 PER JAR

Never mind—perhaps tomorrow you'll get some

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

Cleans — and Protects

KH 98-961 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

LAST LAUGH

T. N. (Bury).—"How is it possible to grow grass when the ground is dry and hard?" By sowing radish or lettuce seed, we should say.

G. L. (Bude).—"Anyone who loses his wind very quickly will never really enjoy a cycling tour." Anyone who has had to push a bicycle with a punctured tyre uphill for a mile or two will hasten to agree.

G. N. (Perth).—"An amateur gardener is greatly handicapped if he happens to be colour-blind." For instance, how is he to know when green-fly are making things look black for his red roses?

D. N. (Hull).—"I wouldn't like to be a German in France these days." Or a German in Germany these nights?

S. M. (Goole).—"I was surprised to see the perspiration rolling down his face." Surely you didn't expect to see it going the other way?

Mrs. L. (Epping).—"My husband is so fond of birds that he often stops out all night just to listen to the nightingale." Great scot! We've never thought of trying that one.

G. N. (Baldock).—"Repatriated prisoners declare that Hitler is dead and that someone else is impersonating him." Can Germany's new weapon be a secret Hitler?

ELECTRICIAN (Hitchin). — "The ordinary telephone can be taken to the bottom of the sea by divers." And that, sometimes, seems to be an ideal place for it.

H. N. (Bedworth).—"If lettuces are attacked by slugs, salt should be sprinkled round the plants." Yes, and then the little blighters would want vinegar and pepper with them, too.

M. S. (Glasgow).—"People who go on a summer holiday at a time like this should be ostracised." You are not, of course, the only person who has been unsuccessful in securing holiday apartments this year.

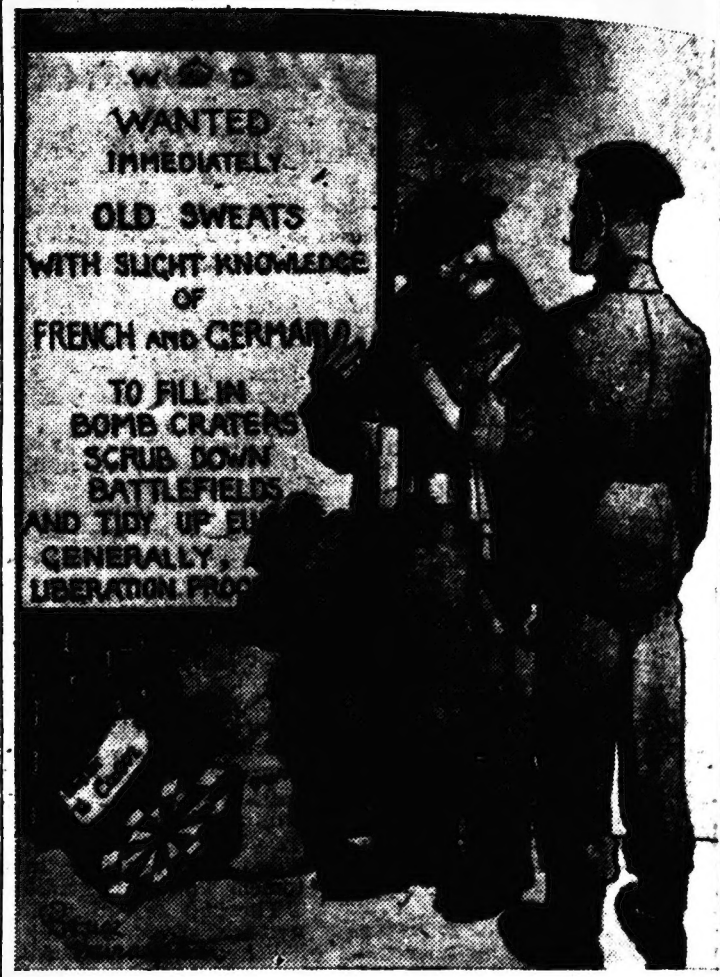
A. G. (Stonehaven).—"I always feel very dignified and prosperous when smoking a cigar." The important thing, however, is how you feel after smoking it.

SERGEANT (Southern England).—"Germans are doing a lot of blasting round the coast of France." Some of their language since D-day would, in fact, have shocked even a golfing bargee.

J. M. (Fife).—"My wife and I are often taken for brother and sister." Are you as quarrelsome as all that?

R. S. (Dumfries).—"What kind of place will Britain be in August, 1950?" Damp and chilly as usual, we suppose.

Mrs. S. (Cambuslang).—"What would a home be without a musical instrument?" Pleasantly peaceful.



OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Well, I remember the most h'important words in both languages, 'Mademoiselle,' 'Parlezvous' and 'Kamerad'!"

Side-Slips

NEWS CHRONICLE:—". . . there were thousands of glass splinters, all the PLANES had been broken by our bombs."

BELFAST NEWS LETTER:—". . . but the flames were prevented from SPEAKING to other parts of the building."

NORTHERN WHIG AND BELFAST POST:—". . . caught Mrs. M'Cabe by the THREAT while she was walking with her husband."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—". . . and across the swampy and partly FOODED area due west of . . ."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"A flood of wild HUMOURS has swept through Berlin in the past twenty-four hours, says a Reuter despatch from Stockholm."

EVENING NEWS:—". . . when a crowded train left Waterloo for the West-country . . . the 9 a.m. train had to be PUBLICATED."

GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—"Mosquitoes attacked Hamburg, and more WINES were laid."

STAR:—". . . and with their suitcases, RAMS and toys stacked aboard, the train left a few minutes later."

GREATEST OF THESE

● He served in the last war for four and a half years. To-day he is so handicapped by heart trouble and rheumatism that he is sometimes unable to complete a full week's work—when lucky enough to find it. He has no pension.

Such, briefly, is the plight of Mr. B. J. Draper, a South London reader, struggling to support a wife and two children, one of whom is an invalid.

His case is one of scores you can help by sending a contribution to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Subscriptions will be gratefully acknowledged where an address is given, but anonymous gifts are equally welcome, and current subscription lists are available on request. We pay all administrative costs, so all money subscribed is pooled and shared fairly among deserving cases.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

"BULLETS" No. 1,437

FIRST PRIZE £50 PLUS RADIO

D. Harvey, 39, Queen's Rd., Tunbridge Wells, for this "Bullet":—

MARCH OF THE ALLIES OTHERWISE, No "RIGHT" LEFT

£10 and Cutlery Set:

E. Foulds, Kenleigh, Healey Ave., Bingley.

We Help—Thankless Tasks—And Thanks

£5 and Cutlery Set:

Drv. B. H. Bruce, R.A.S.C., Somewhere in France.

If It's A General—Visiting—Adolf Double Bodyguards!

£4: L.A.C. J. N. Walker, R.A.F., 7, Little St., Salford.

Living In Fear—Of No Living, Fearful.

£3: W. Coe, "Airlie," George St., Wick, Caithness.

March Of The Allies—Together, To Get Him.

£3: H. Newcombe, 55, Seabourne Rd., Bournemouth.

The Morning After—Germany "Right Finger," Bah—

30s.: S. G. Nix, 23, Boundary Rd., Sidcup, Kent.

Living In Fear—Of "He Died Bravely"—

30s.: Cpl. C. M. Holmes, R.A.O.C., Somewhere in Britain.

Living In London—No Fun—No Funk.

34s.: A. D. Ellis, 4, Chesterton Rd., Coventry.

Men Of Munich—Still Appeasing "Dictator" Privilege.

32s.: C. H. Lawdham, 22, Twyford Court, London, N.10.

In Auntie's Garden—Scarecrow—And Me Both!

30s.: K. M. Casserley, Ravensbourne, Berkhamsted.

Rudely Interrupted—Bomb Story—Another Fell!

Fountain Pen with each of the above Prizes.

A list of 50 winners of 5s. can be seen at the offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

PRIZE-WINNING ANSWERS

XWORDS AND LAUGH-LINES

To help readers of Bulletin and Gazette whose copies are delayed or fail to arrive through causes beyond "John Bull's" control, here are Answers from issue dated Saturday, August 19.

XWORDS No. 288. WINNING WORDS: 1. WADER. 2. LONE. 3. CALM. 4. WING. 5. CAGE. 6. BEND. 7. HEARTH. 8. TOIL. 9. MINO. 10. RAG. 11. SEA. 12. SIDE. 13. RUST. 14. BOAT.

LAUGH-LINES No. 178. KEY LETTERS: J—D—B.

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

You need help and fatherly advice in difficult times like these. I am in the position to give that to you free.

We teach nearly all the Trades and Professions by Post, in all parts of the World. Distance makes no difference. The most progressive and most successful Correspondence College in the World.

If you know what you want to study, write for prospectus. If you are undecided, write for my fatherly advice. It is free.

Direct mail to:

DEPT. 31,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD.

BRAKE SAFELY WITH A COASTER

A simple backward pressure with the foot will stop you SAFELY in a second.

With a PERRY COASTER HUB you'll ride BASILY . . . with both hands free for steering or signalling. No adjustments to make. Just a drop of oil once every two months.

FULLY COVERED BY THE PERRY GUARANTEE

PERRY
COASTER
BRAKE HUB

FREE WHEEL AND BACK PEDAL BRAKE

Please apply to your dealer or factor.

for natural pedalling

From a doctor's diary

This is based on a doctor's experience of cases of V.D. It has been carefully edited so that the people concerned shall not be recognized.

"... Must I tell you everything, doctor?"

My answer was most emphatic. Yes indeed. It is useless for a doctor to try and treat venereal disease, except on a basis of complete mutual confidence.

Anything else leads to ghastly failure. To make the point clearer, I told the patient of the following case:

A man of 28 came to see me because he had developed a sore on his sex organs. Three weeks before, he had been to a party with some people he did not know, and had got very drunk. What happened later, he could not exactly remember, but he thought he must have slept with a woman he met there. Certainly, when he reached me there was no doubt about it—he had got syphilis.

He told me he was engaged to be married. I asked him whether there was any chance of his having passed on the disease to his fiancee. He strongly denied the possibility, and refused to ask her to come and see me.

After treatment and observation—about 3 years in all—I was able to tell him he was cured. A few months later he got married. Then within two months of his wedding, he turned up at my clinic again, with another attack of syphilis. From what he said I could draw only one conclusion. He *had* infected his wife during the first attack. And now she had re-infected him. This time, he agreed to ask her to come and see me. Sure enough, she had syphilis and was pregnant as well. Now they are both under treatment, and I am hopeful that there will be no miscarriage and that the child will be born free of the disease.

The wife's illness, the man's second illness, and the danger to the child could all have been avoided, if only he had been frank with me in the first instance."

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.
(VD30-16)

HEADACHE?

Get Speedier Relief

Cephos is the most reliable and safe treatment for speedily driving away the pangs of pain. To keep a bright outlook always have a few doses handy.

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form, 1/3, 3/-. Single dose 2d. Inc. Purchase Tax.

Cephos

100 PEOPLE TAKING MY ADVICE

Nottingham,
May 10th, 1944.

Gentlemen,

May I testify once again to the great value I get from your Yeast-Vite.

Some people read your testimonials and that is as far as they go. I have come across many who ask, and I generally leave them my empty bottle, and they promise to get one. I do know there are at least 100 people taking Yeast-Vite daily through my advice: many of them have thanked me time and again, and I am assured that Yeast-Vite does not fail. It is a blessing to those on heavy duties and eases the strain placed on the human machine.

To those who need a health restorer—get a bottle and you will write and thank the makers for this blessing.

(Sgd.) W. M.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/4 or 3/3 size bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets from your Chemist. Do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock; he is doing his best in these difficult times and his supplies are limited to 1/4 & 3/3 sizes (including purchase tax).

Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford.

Indigestion

You suffer pain and distress after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food simply can't digest and your system is upset in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will remove the acidity and correct the stomach upset almost immediately? Your food is digested right away and you feel no troublesome after-effects.

If you suffer from acute attacks of gastric pain, try 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets for quick relief. Get them today!

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

£100 BUMPER Bullets FIRST! and 250 NEW PRIZES!

250 Useful NEW PRIZES

Use any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, September 8.

REMEMBER 1918 AND
GERMANY'S DEFEAT
HELL LET LOOSE
TOMMY WISHES
HOLIDAY FROM WAR
THE GESTAPO
ALMOST OVER
PAID THE PRICE
MEMORY OF THE PAST
ALL AT ONCE

BULLETS 1,437 RESULT appears on page 14

IN SYMPATHY
HARD WORK
FROM WITHIN
WHEN IN DOUBT
PINNACLE OF FAME
WATER SHORTAGE
DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS
THOUGHT MORE OF
DAY AFTER DAY
WOMAN IN A HURRY

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

PEACE IN OUR .....
GAVE ME A.....
ART OF.....
TROUBLE IN.....
AGAINST THE.....
THE ..... SIGHED AND

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter on plain paper

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Sept. 9. IF INK RUNS USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, Monday, Aug 28. **1,441**

Signed .....
Address .....

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie on ties. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest. Complete Xword in ink not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest to appear in "John Bull" dated Sept. 16, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£100 CASH for ONE-WEEK X-WORD!

AWARDS VALUE £25

TRY John Bull's 10-MINUTE XWORD No. 393

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3p	3p	3p
1 MOTORIST MAY WANT THIS WHEN CHANGING WHEELS	SPA E			
2 RACE MAY OCCASIONALLY BE WON BY	OLT			
3 DESCRIBES PRESCRIPTION OF TRAINED DOCTOR	CUR			
4 ROADS ARE CLOSED BY	ARS			
5 IS COMMONLY FOUND IN WOOD	BE CH			
6 THERE'S A KIND WHICH COULDN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT GOLD-DIGGING	MIN			
7 BOOKER MAY EASILY WEAR THIS	OWL			
8 THERE'S A RIGHT AND A WRONG WAY OF PUTTING THIS ON	CLO K			
9 CAN COVER A SURPRISING AMOUNT OF GROUND	RO			
10 MUST HAVE AIR	YRE			
11 SHOULD BE EASY TO DRAW	A E			
12 IS USED IN SHIPBUILDING	POO			
13 SOMETIMES SHOWS STRATA INTERESTING TO SCIENTIST	OIL			
14 HAS TREMENDOUS POWERS OF RESISTANCE	M LE			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette" dated Sept. 9.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Sign as .....
Address .....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, AUG. 28

8 SOLUTIONS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,441—or Xword No. 393, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

They were fairly leisurely times when, a hundred years ago, the men of Rochdale met to found the Co-operative Movement. But there was nothing leisurely in the progress of the idea. Within the century this great democratic experiment had encompassed the globe.

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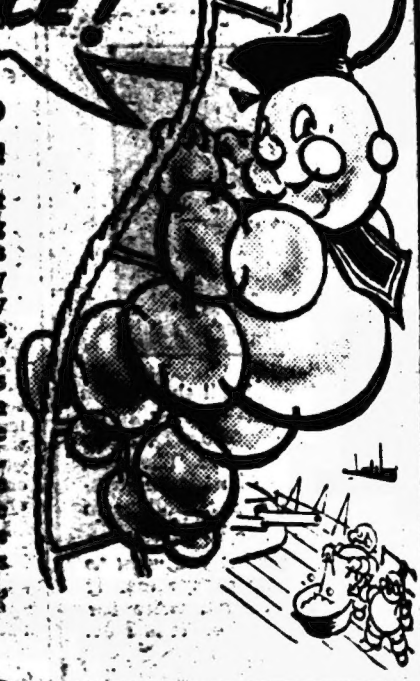
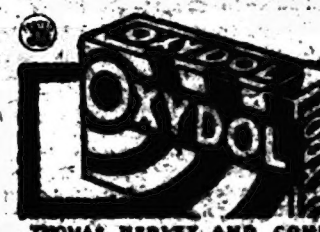


MAKE DO AND MEND WASHDAY WISDOM!

Do you know that Oxydol, the amazing granulated soap, gives you the famous Busy Bubble lather, specially to wash your clothes spanking clean the safe, gentle way? That means clothes last longer when Oxydol's Busy Bubble lather does the wash. Yes! With Oxydol in the wash-tub you can save precious clothes coupons every washday. So it's worth using Oxydol, isn't it?



3½d. size = 1 coupon. 7d. size = 2 coupons.
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for lightning shaves without sting or burn...

CHANGE TO COLGATE BRUSHLESS

Change to the finest possible shave. You'll find nothing to touch Colgate Brushless for softening up beards (even with cold water)—for smooth, cool shaving without sting or burn.

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We used to pride ourselves that there was no part of Britain where you could not get Whiteway's Cyder. Now that is changed. Cyder, like many other things, is being zoned to save transport and labour. We can send our cyder only to certain areas, and many people who for years have held Whiteway's in high esteem, must now be damned if until zoning ends. To the lucky ones in the Whiteway zones we extend our congratulations, to those who must forgo their favourite cyder, we offer our sincere regrets.

WHITEWAY'S CYDER ZONED

This is the current price to pay for our Medium-Sweet or Dry Flagon Cyder

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